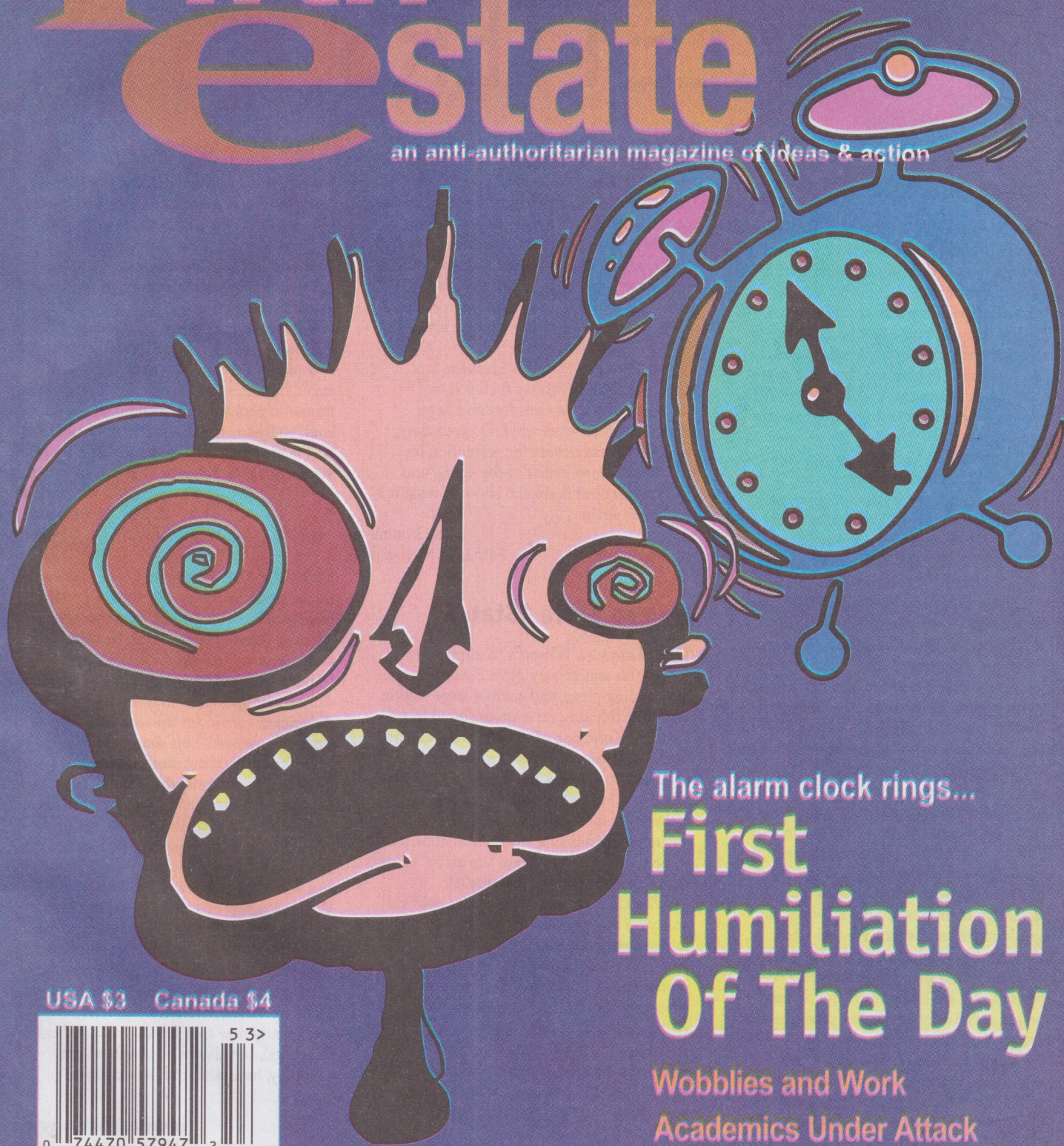


fifth estate

an anti-authoritarian magazine of ideas & action



The alarm clock rings...

First Humiliation Of The Day

Wobblies and Work

Academics Under Attack

Iraq: A Staggering Catastrophe

USA \$3 Canada \$4

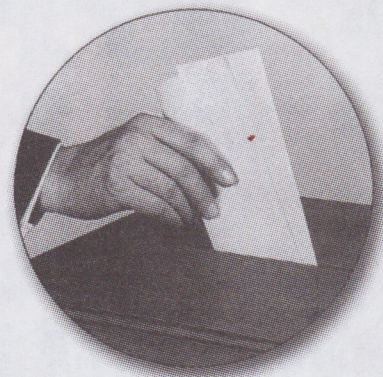


Fall 2005 Issue 370



To My Dearest Fifth Estate . . .

LETTERS



Aging Anarchists

The population of hard core anarchists from the 50s, 60's, and 70's is slowly dwindling, and the next generation is unprepared to take up the slack.

Young people today are filled with apathy in a day and age where apathy is the one thing you don't want. So, where are you guys? Where are the huge mass gatherings of rage and indignation? Where are the fliers, the meetings, the banners and protests?

The old anarchists have grown lazy and comfortable in their old age, staying within their communities and discussing current events and times past. Well, discussing doesn't get you recruits, nor does it prepare young ones to fight the Power. Come on you guys! Get out there and show us how it's done!

These days young people have little to look forward to. Teenage punks scream anarchy to the world but wonder just what it's about and where to go. Liberal young men and women begin to lose heart from swimming in the endless sea of dumb Republicans and false information. Lost to us are the riots of yesteryear, the times where everyone was united and knew exactly what they wanted to accomplish.

What we need right now is guidance, someone to point us in the right direction. Teenagers are at the perfect age where our young minds can be molded, shaped and twisted by anyone with the least bit of agenda in their hands. Step forward and speak up before the kids are sucked in, chewed up and spit out by the corporate machinery and the sadistic military—two options that are being reamed into our brains as the only way to live prosperously and successfully.

Tell us there is another way, a better way. Show us the beauty of anarchy, the spark of rebellion, the pleasure of anti-USA debauchery. Introduce us to the joy of giving

the government the finger. Give us protests; give us rebellion; give us liberation from the constant stream of right-wing supremacist bullshit shoveled down our gullets everyday by the media and radio and teachers and newspapers and music and mothers and fathers and priests and youth groups and billboards and everything that we live with in our day-to-day lives.

Give us hope. Give us idealism. Give us the ability to say fuck you to what our country stands for (and more importantly, show us why). Do your duty, aging anarchists. Start the revolution in the disillusioned hearts of the young and restless. Get out there and show us what it is to be free again.

Liana Trimble
Ferndale, Michigan

Human Scale "State"

Peter Lamborn Wilson's "Escapism" in the 40th anniversary *Fifth Estate* was an outstanding piece, and it fills a large void in anarchist thinking (at least, as found in FE). Leopold Kohr, one of the seminal thinkers of the 20th century, was long condemned as an anarchist, and yet he disavowed that label; it was not "no order" that he advocated, but rather human-scale order. And after all, any rational anarchist world must consist of some social structure (pure "an-archy" being an impossibility in the real world).

The US is the most dangerous political entity on the planet. Any action that undermines its power is a positive action. Anarchists talk big, but in the end they still participate in the US political/economic system, and thus further its oppression and violence.

Secession does not have to be at the state (e.g. Vermont) level. Our right to self-determination is fundamental, and not restricted to the political confines of state boundaries. Any viable, small population

has a right to secede. For example, a few contiguous counties in Vermont that border on Canada might be a perfect candidate; or a few coastal counties in California or Oregon. Realistically, this is the only hope, since no whole state will agree to secession in our lifetime.

One cannot help but wonder why FE does not press this issue further. Is secession so tepid as to be merely "reformist?" Is a small, human-scale "state," of perhaps a few thousand people living sustainably on the land, really so anathema to anarchist ideals? Isn't it in such a small state, in fact, that such ideals have a real chance to flourish?

David Skrbina
Dept of Philosophy
University of Michigan-Dearborn

Walker Lane responds: We received this letter in February when many people, reeling from the Kerry defeat in the 2004 election, were convinced that we were living in Jesusland and Dumbfuckistan. Canada was receiving thousands of requests daily about immigration from despondent Americans convinced this country had sunk into fascism. This sentiment is what generated part of the motivation for the miniscule secessionist thrust.

The FE collective was evenly divided on the question at that time, with some of us arguing that it is a worthless path of activity for those who want revolutionary change and who objected to the publication of Wilson's report of a meeting on this idea. For one thing, secession, from the American South to Biafra, has a track record of being drowned in blood. But, in the contemporary situation, it amounts to just not reading correctly what the election signified, particularly now that Bush's poll numbers in general, but also on the war and the economy, have sunk to historic lows.

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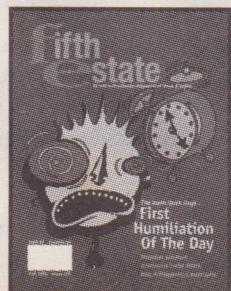
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The Fifth Estate is a cooperative, non-profit, anti-authoritarian project published since 1965 by a volunteer collective of friends and comrades. We often hold divergent views on issues within this magazine, but all share an anti-authoritarian perspective, both as critique and vision. We also have a commitment to non-dogmatic, action-oriented writing and activity to bring about a new world.

As opposed to professionals who publish to secure wages, or those who invest in the media information industry, we produce this magazine as an expression of our resistance to an unjust and destructive society. No copyright. No paid staff. No advertisements.

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Next Issue:
Psychology
of Freedom

Call for Contributions

Unless we build a sustained practice of free relationships and liberated lives, we risk lengthening the long list of those who have created partial revolutions. The revolution is inside as well as outside ourselves. Misery and alienation reproduce themselves—not just in authoritarian institutions—but in our own character structure, imprisoned by the catastrophe of repressive consciousness.

In the spirit of such pioneers as Wilhelm Reich and RD Laing, we seek original articles and artwork for our Winter 2005–06 issue on the theme “Psychology of Freedom.”

- Feature articles and essays: 1500–3000 words; News, reviews, and reports: 700 words.
- Electronic contributions are preferred: fe@fifthstate.org
- Contributions sent by regular mail should include a disk and hard copy: PO Box 6, Liberty, TN 37095
- **Deadline for first drafts: October 15**

Upcoming Themes and Deadlines

- Spring 2006: 120th anniversary of Haymarket and 70th anniversary of Spain. Deadline: January 1, 2006
- Summer 2006: Anarchist Literature Deadline: April 1, 2006

Notes from the FE Collective About THIS Issue

Welcome to the second issue in the fortieth anniversary year of this publication. The first was published in February and was our official commemorative edition. It was the largest and most colorful issue ever printed since we began in 1965. The anniversary issue was a double one constituting our publishing efforts for both Spring and Summer 2005. Hence, you have not missed an issue and you are reading the next in our series.

Thanks For Your Support

Through the generous contributions of our Sustainers, and many of you who sent in donations when renewing your subscriptions, we are the closest we've been to financial stability in a long while. Thanks to those of you too many to list that make this publication a possibility.

Missed our 40th?

If you missed the last issue, filled with memoirs and articles from the last 40 years, we urge you to order one while they last. Please see ordering information on page 55, or simply send \$6 to our Ferndale, Mich. post office address.

What's New

As this publication is always evolving, there are a couple of new developments. You've probably noticed that we've given the magazine a fresh new look and layout design. Also, our faithful front page logo that has served us well for a good portion of our years, has been replaced with a new one. Not as obvious is that this edition was coordinated and produced back in Detroit where the publication was headquartered for most of our history. In 2002, our Tennessee friends and comrades at Pumpkin Hollow revitalized our almost moribund project and began our current quarterly publishing schedule which they have produced for 12 issues, never missing a deadline. Without them, you would not be holding this magazine in your hands today.

However, to make time for other pursuits, including a new book publishing project, the Hollowers have decided to only put out two issues per year. Based on revived enthusiasm, the Detroit publication group, beginning with this issue, will be responsible for Spring and Fall issues, with the PH comrades putting out the other two. We're committed to bringing out a minimum of four issues a year even as other anti-authoritarian publications are cutting back their publication schedules.

This issue's theme: Wobblies and Work

This issue is devoted to the theme of Wobblies and Work; a celebration of the radical 100 year history of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW). Also contained in our special section is our continuing ambivalence about work itself and what role it plays in the repression of our desires and the destruction of the planet.

The art that graces these pages

This issue, like our last, is filled with incredible art. Please see page 50 for information on the artists and how to view more of their work.

Occupied Iraq: THE CONTINUING STORY OF BUNGALOW BILL



—Stephen Goodfellow: *Last Supper* 1983

"What are kingdoms but great robberies? Indeed, that was an apt and true reply which was given to Alexander the Great by a pirate who had been seized. For when that king had asked the man what he meant by keeping hostile possession of the sea, he answered with bold pride, 'What thou meanest by seizing the whole earth; but because I do it with a petty ship, I am called a robber, whilst thou who dost it with a great fleet art styled an emperor.'"

—Augustine of Hippo, *The City of God* (410 CE)

It was one of those moments of grim synchronicity. In late July, the civilian death toll being tallied by the Iraq Body Count database hit 25,000 at about the same time that the Vietnam war criminal General William Westmoreland died at the ripe old age of 91.

The historical resonance here is that—in so many horrible ways—Westmoreland's nightmarish management of the war in Southeast Asia has become a template for the brutal waste

and carnage being orchestrated by the Pentagon in Iraq today.

The atrocities engineered during Westmoreland's tenure in Vietnam were related to his futile counter-insurgency efforts.

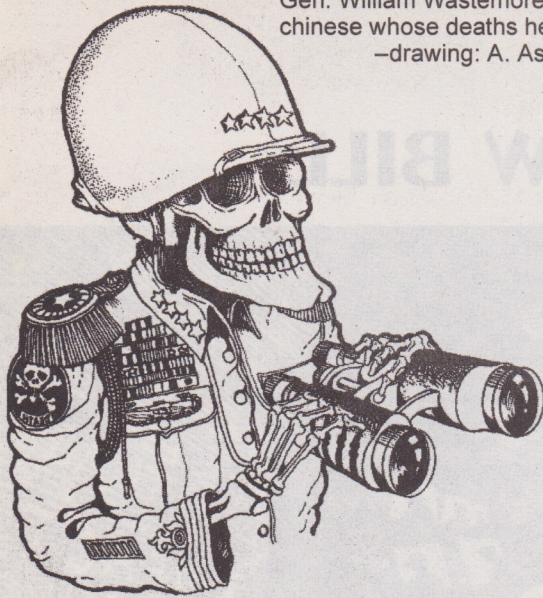
Frustrated by the jungles of Vietnam, Westmoreland ordered a steep escalation in the use of the devastating Agent Orange dioxin herbicide, perfected the systematic terrorizing of the Vietnamese people in the name of "pacification," and was instrumental in collaborating with the CIA in the savage campaign of corruption, torture, and targeted killings by the "Operation: Phoenix" death squads.

These patterns have been repeated throughout Iraq in the form of the radioactive dust of depleted uranium munitions, the senseless obliteration of cities like Fallujah, and the ex-Ba'athist special police commandos of the masked "Wolf Brigade," run by the US military out of the Iraq Ministry of the Interior.

When asked by a reporter in 1966 if he was at all troubled by the large number of Vietnamese civilians killed by US forces and their South Vietnamese stooges, Westmoreland shrugged and said, "It is a problem, but it does deprive the enemy of the population, doesn't it?" (This from the same guy

Gen. William Westmoreland surveys the three million Indo-chinese whose deaths he presided over.

—drawing: A. Ash, *Fifth Estate*, April 1, 1967



who asserted in 1974 that, “the Oriental doesn’t put the same high price on life as does the Westerner.”)

When studying the statistics compiled by the Iraq Body Count database—facts like the 45,000 grievous injuries to noncombatants in Iraq, or that US air strikes caused 64 percent of all civilian deaths involving explosives, or that 20 percent of all those killed were women and children—you begin to see how Westmoreland’s cold-blooded comment helps to explain the Pentagon’s removal of US troops to places as distant as possible from suicide attacks, thus assuring that Sunni terrorists can kill as many Iraqis as they can with impunity.

In the spring of 1968, Westmoreland reassured the US public that “the enemy has been defeated at every turn” in Vietnam; that war continued for the next seven years. Similarly, on June 20, 2005, US Vice President Dick Cheney proclaimed that the insurgency in Occupied Iraq was “in the last throes”; two and a half weeks later, Major General William G. Webster, Jr. echoed his Executive Branch bosses when he told reporters in a video-teleconference from Baghdad’s Green Zone that US troops and collaborationist Iraqi Army, police, and security forces had “mostly eliminated the ability of insurgents to conduct sustained, high-intensity attacks” and predicted that “in the next couple of months we will not see sustained, long bloody months in Baghdad.”

More than 300 Iraqis and 100 Occupation soldiers have died since Cheney’s and Webster’s meaningless remarks, and there have been almost 45 car and suicide bomb attacks in Iraq, not to mention the awful blowback bombings in London in July.

Westmoreland was notorious for his stubborn inability to comprehend the fact that his enemies regarded their fight as an anti-colonial nationalist struggle. His refusal to recognize the ideas behind the guerrilla war doomed

his efforts to failure. He pompously disregarded a century’s worth of French military analysis of the Vietnamese resistance movement, believing instead that reading a few pages in Mao Zedong’s *Little Red Book* every night before bed would be enough to figure out what was going on in the Indochinese peninsula.

Westmoreland’s superciliousness and sophistry is today matched by that of British Prime Minister Tony Blair who insisted that the July bombings had no connection to Britain’s occupation of Iraq or its criminal alliance with the USA, but was rather an example of how some societies are less civilized than his own. Australian Prime Minister John Howard also refuses to believe that there is any direct correlation between neo-imperialist aspirations and the attacks against the Empire.

If there was any doubt that the bombings in London were linked to the Anglo-American occupation of Iraq, be aware that the Abu Hafs al-Misri Brigades took responsibility for the attempted July 21 bombings in London with a warning that “we will not relent and sit idle before the infidel soldiers leave the land of two rivers.”

The war in Iraq is a staggering catastrophe. The Global War on Terrorism™ is already lost, having been rebranded recently by the Pentagon’s Department of Silly Phrases as the “struggle against violent extremism.” This is reminiscent of Bush’s slip of a few years ago calling his wars a “crusade;” it’s now a “struggle”—or, jihad in Arabic, or Kampf, as in Mein, in German. It seems, however, as we go to press, there’s some confusion boiling within the Inner Circle. Bush just used the “War on Terror” five times in a speech, confounding Secretary of War Rumsfeld’s continual use of the new phrase. They can’t even get their lies straight. So, do we believe Chimp McFlightsuit or Dr. Strangelove on this one?

Westmoreland presumably went to his grave clinging to his 1985 statement of having “no apologies, no regrets” for what he did in Southeast Asia. In fact, even more shocking, Westmoreland insisted in his golden years that the US did not lose the war in Vietnam. One can imagine poisonous toads like Cheney, Bush, Rumsfeld, and Blair making equally fantastic statements about the Iraq quagmire in later life, remarks borne from that nasty blend of stupidity, shameless deception, bad faith, and hubris that have intoxicated these same sociopaths for years.

One must wonder how people so monstrously arrogant and so aggressively ignorant can continue to maintain their dangerous delusions before someone figures out a way to stop them and laugh them off of the world stage.

Like Westmoreland in Vietnam, the architects and managers of the Iraqi occupation are terrorists whose hands are as bloody as those they so self-righteously hunt.

FIRST THEY CAME FOR WARD CHURCHILL

by Ron Sakolsky

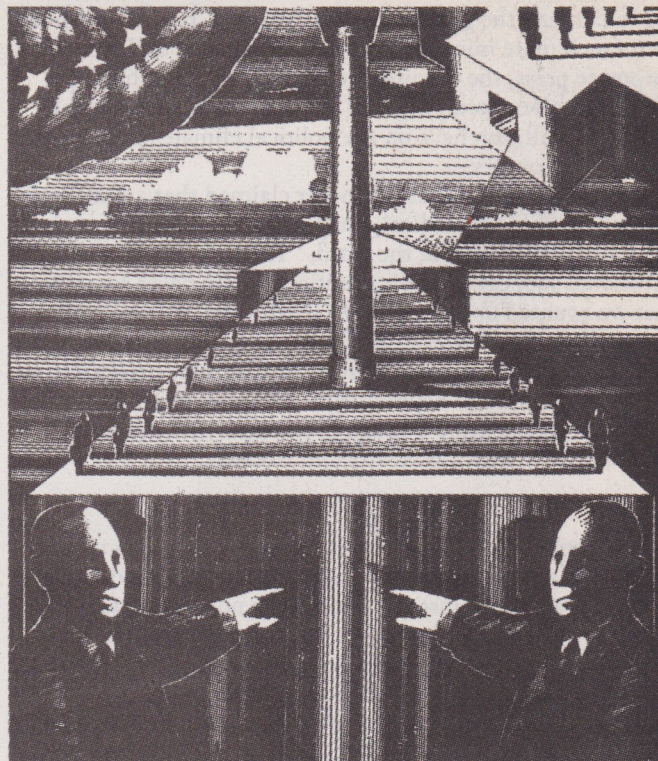
In early 2005 because of comments concerning 9/11 made years earlier, University of Colorado professor Ward Churchill became the whipping boy for right-wing vilification of all that was suspect in American universities.

In "Some People Push Back: On the Justice of Roosting Chickens," Churchill invoked Malcolm X's comments immediately following the assassination of president John F. Kennedy as he maintained that American foreign policy provoked the attacks on New York. At root in the controversy was Churchill's comparison of Americans to the "good Germans" of Nazi Germany and his now famous phrase about "the little Eichmanns inhabiting the sterile sanctuary of the twin towers."

The San Francisco-based, anarchist publisher, AK Press became embroiled in the controversy for having printed his book, *On the Justice of Roosting Chickens: Reflections on the Consequences of US Imperial Arrogance and Criminality*. Since AK is also the publisher of one of my books, *Seizing The Airwaves: A Free Radio Handbook* (co-edited with Stephen Dunifer), I soon realized that I too was implicated in the Churchill bloodletting by default. It was not just Churchill that was being attacked, but all radical authors, publishers, and distributors as well.

Events took a very strange turn in February 2005 when the contents of a seven year old article I had co-written with Dennis Fox, entitled, "From 'Radical' University To Handmaiden of the Corporate State," (*Radical Teacher* #53, 1998), were appropriated to make the university a target for potshots by every right-wing talk show host and website in the United Snakes.

The connection between Churchill and the article in question was, until recently, a little known chapter in the history



of alternative higher education in North America. Sagamon State University (SSU) in Springfield, Illinois, is Ward Churchill's alma mater, where I once taught during the time he was a student for a Masters Degree.

In an attempt to discredit Churchill for Patriot Act era "thought crimes," not only were his Malcolmesque remarks being sandbagged and his "Indian-ness" being questioned; he was being charged with having a "fake degree" from a "fake university." SSU was suddenly and reluctantly thrust into the limelight. As the saying goes, in Springfield: If you're conservative you are considered normal, if you're liberal, you are reviled as a radical, and, if you're radical, you are dismissed as crazy.

Having now conveniently changed its name to the University of Illinois at Springfield (UIS), and having sanitized its image, the college has clearly been trying to distance itself from any radical residue from its liberal past for years. Whereas once they might have invited Churchill to be the keynote speaker at their "alternative" graduation ceremonies, now the gatekeepers at the former SSU, aghast at having any association with him at all, have had to confront and defend their own history while, at the same time, disassociating themselves from him in no uncertain terms.

In this regard, the university's spin doctors seem to have decided that the best strategy was to claim that the university was never radical in any way, except for a few crazies like Ward Churchill or... Ron Sakolsky.

Joining the chorus of reactionary voices who pillaged the contents of the *Radical Teacher* article in order to invent a stereotypical straw man to assail in their relentless pursuit of Churchill was the local Copley Press-affiliated newspaper in Springfield, the *State Journal Register* (*SJR*). While not want-

ing to conflate the gravity of the attack on Churchill with my own much more minor skirmishes with a local outlet of the corporate press, the ensuing brouhaha illustrates the ripple effect that attempted purges of well known radical scholars, like Churchill, can have on the political climate of campuses around the country.

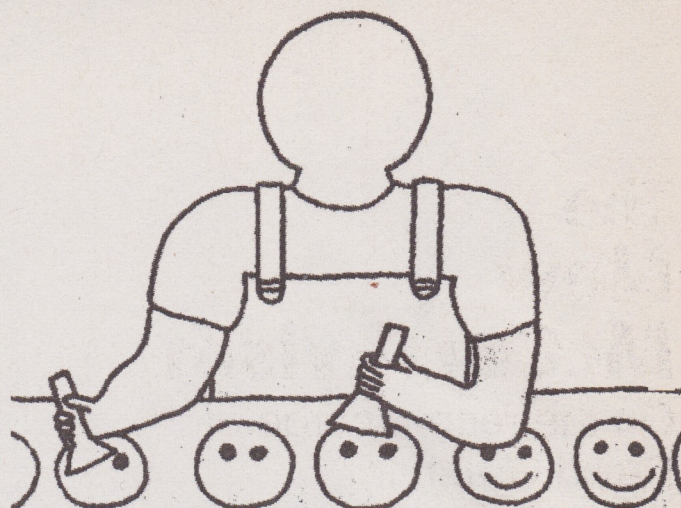
The *Radical Teacher* article never claimed that a state institution like SSU was radical, much less anarchist. In fact, in the article's title, we put the word, "Radical," in quotes. Institutional support for radical initiatives was never something that we counted upon, and, even if achieved, it was usually only temporary. However, SSU's once innovative approach to learning allowed for the formation of a radical enclave within its midst. Because its experimental nature was similar to that of the Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington, it attracted some exciting faculty and students.

As we noted in the article, in explanation of SSU's virtues: "Many students were not graded but received individualized evaluations instead. There were no large classes. No deans or department chairs—in fact, no departments. Interdisciplinary courses were the norm. Faculty were hired for their interest in teaching—without teaching assistants—and had no 'publish-or-perish' requirement. SSU was designated 'the public affairs university of Illinois' at a time when public affairs, for many of the faculty at least, meant opposing the war in Vietnam and devising alternatives to mainstream institutions. . . Although the faculty as a whole is more mainstream these days, there is still a small and beleaguered core of Marxists and anarchists and environmentalists, anti-racists and feminists among the 157 faculty members, some of whom even take their radical perspectives out of the classroom and into the streets."

Not surprisingly, instead of quoting this description, the *SJR* mentioned the article by name but parroted the disinformation that was being circulated on the Internet. In their typical yellow journalism style, the paper printed the website diatribes against Churchill which characterized SSU as "designed to create a convergence of Marxists and anarchists," "some sort of hippie college," "a complete joke as a school," "organized in the '70s to provide cover for protests against the Vietnam War," "a counter-cultural (no culture) institution (mental?)" and "some sort of hippy-dippy, 'no grades or rules or sellin'-out to the Man' type of experimental college... Evidently somebody from the legislature finally visited the place and that resulted in it being taken over by real professors." The newspaper then proceeded to say that this caricature of SSU was inaccurate, except for a few radical troublemakers like me.

Now, I was being scapegoated along with Churchill as part of an ongoing conservative campaign aimed at the rollback of even the most piddling educational reforms (that were never enough in the first place from a radical perspective). It seems that my part in this sordid soap opera was to be the ghost of SSU's past that had come back to haunt them in spite of their new identity as UIS.

In 1989, I had been arrested for (ironically) "breaching the peace" while involved in a street theater action dressed



as Uncle Sam outside of a military recruitment station in Springfield during a day of peace demonstrations protesting against the US military presence in Central America. After dredging up this incident in "oh-my-god" fashion, the *SJR* then proceeded to make me the fall guy for all the bad publicity that the college was receiving, perhaps thinking that since I had not lived there for two and a half years, I would not hear of it and could not defend myself.

Referring to me, the author of the article, Dave Bakke, concluded, "Bloggers are correct that there was *that* element (italics mine) to the school at the time." Bakke was essentially doing damage control for UIS. His goal was not investigative journalism, but public relations. Nowhere in the article is there any in-depth analysis of Churchill's controversial post-9/11 statements about the World Trade Center and its Eichman-like bureaucratic apparatus or any attempt to examine his own lengthy public defense of himself which can also be found on the Internet along with all of the hysterical rants of right-wing bloggers which Bakke did make sure to include in the article. In the shrill climate of political repression in the US, Churchill was summarily being judged to be a dangerous character, perhaps even a terrorist, a pariah who refuses to get with the new corporate university program.

Perhaps the heat Churchill, and others like me, have drawn as radical professors is related to the fact that we have steadfastly refused to confine our heresies to the classroom, reaching beyond the usual ivory tower academic circles in our writing, and not being afraid to take to the streets to act upon our principles.

Note: The above article is the first essay in Ron Sakolsky's new book, *Creating Anarchy*. See our listing of publications on page 54 for ordering information. His is the first to be published by Fifth Estate Books, a new imprint, a sub-project of this magazine, which will print the works of FE staff and contributors. Look for new titles in the near future.

The New McCarthyism

On the recent purge of David Graeber

by KK Vega

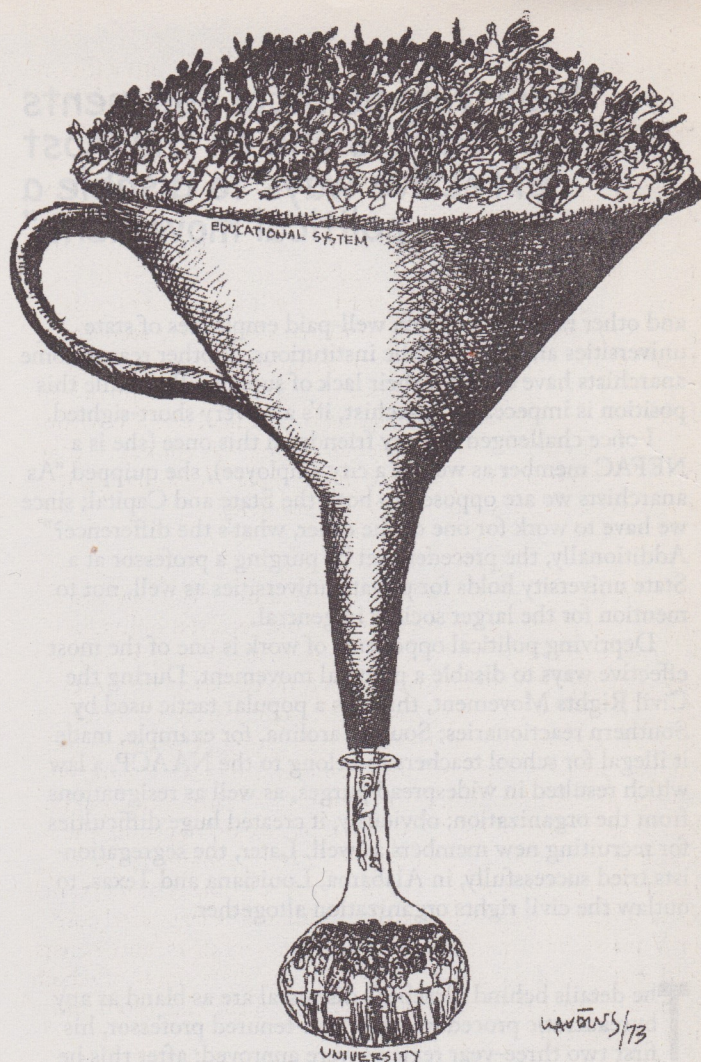
Anarchist anthropologist David Graeber's recent purge from Yale University—coming hot on the heels of the trial-by-media of Native American radical Ward Churchill—is one of many recent attacks on radical professors that have shaken the supposedly safe zone of the ostensibly liberal academy. Graeber's contract was recently not renewed under highly suspicious circumstances after many years of teaching at the Ivy League school.

"Being an openly anarchist professor would mean challenging the way universities are run," Graeber has written, "and that, of course, is going to get one in far more trouble than anything one could ever write." Apparently, his situation has proven these observations true.

Unlike some radical academics, Graeber has distinguished himself as someone who has a very active presence on the ground. In addition to having written several widely-read essays on anarchism and the anti-globalization movement, and the books *Towards an Anthropological Theory of Value: The False Coin of Our Own Dreams* and *Fragments of an Anarchist Anthropology*, he was also a member of the NYC Direct Action Network, and a familiar face at demonstrations, benefits, and talks.

In fact, it was several years ago at one of these events that he told me that, while it was great while it lasted, the Ivory Tower (or at least his nook of it) would not tolerate him for long. After he was identified in the mainstream media as a member of the Anti-Capitalist Convergence during the demonstrations against the 2002 World Economic Forum in New York City, right-wing Yale alumni started a campaign to have him dismissed. Two years ago, his department attempted to have him removed, but was barred from doing so for violating their own administrative procedures.

But what's the momentum behind these difficulties that radical academics have? I think it has to do with the ubiquitous presence of progressives of all stripes (from Communist to queer) in the universities, long a thorn in the side of the Right. So, with Bush's election victory, it should come as no surprise that conservatives see this as an opportunity to take out some of the Right's most hated opponents—those damn



An Anarchist Yale Professor Is Fired For His beliefs

anti-American radical professors.

This is not to argue that there's some vast conspiracy afoot, with its origins in either a PNAC three-drink lunch or in some cold, dark crevice of Karl Rove's reptilian brain. It's far more likely that the atmosphere is simply conducive, and we are on the defensive. So, the Rightists roll forward with their agenda of abridging the cultural and political freedoms of those who have the audacity to disagree with them. And anarchists are on the forefront of this opposition.

But the anarchist response to these attacks have been mixed. Ward Churchill, for example, has only garnered tepid support from the movement. True, despite being an anarchist-sympathizer, Churchill has previously gone out of his way to alienate fellow radicals with tracts like *Pacifism As Pathology*, and was in the middle of a long-running internecine fight between American Indian Movement factions. He also offended some people by more-or-less condoning the deaths of the elite "technocratic corps" in the September 11 attacks (although not of janitors or temp shit-workers, as he was widely misrepresented as doing). It is also true that Churchill

"Depriving political opponents of work is one of the most effective ways to disable a political movement."

and other radicals are often well-paid employees of state universities and other public institutions, another reason some anarchists have cited for their lack of support. But while this position is impeccably anarchist, it's also very short-sighted.

I once challenged one of my friends on this (she is a NEFAC member as well as a city employee), she quipped "As anarchists we are opposed to both the State and Capital; since we have to work for one or the other, what's the difference?" Additionally, the precedent set by purging a professor at a State university holds for private universities as well, not to mention for the larger society in general.

Depriving political opponents of work is one of the most effective ways to disable a political movement. During the Civil Rights Movement, this was a popular tactic used by Southern reactionaries; South Carolina, for example, made it illegal for school teachers to belong to the NAACP, a law which resulted in widespread purges, as well as resignations from the organization; obviously, it created huge difficulties for recruiting new members as well. Later, the segregationists tried successfully, in Alabama, Louisiana and Texas, to outlaw the civil rights organization altogether.

The details behind Graeber's dismissal are as bland as any bureaucratic procedure. As a non-tenured professor, his first two three-year reviews were approved; after this he started engaging in more high-profile activism (including, most recently, defending a student who was an organizer for the graduate student union). His next contract extension, for four years, was originally a split vote: but on appeal it was ruled that the faculty was guilty of ethical violations for attempting to remove him without prior warnings, and so his contract was renewed for two years (instead of four). This current dismissal comes at the review of point for the last two years.

So, why is this political? Because at Yale these reviews are mere rubber stamps, since you're not "up" for anything (such as tenure, which Graeber would only be considered for if he worked the next two years). Unless you totally screw up, it's a basic automatic renewal. It's tenure that there's only a 3-12 percent chance of getting at Yale, according to Graeber. The last pre-tenure renewal was the point at which Graeber, with strong student support and a sterling publishing record, was canned.

Like Churchill, support for Graeber has been stronger from progressives, students, and other professors in general (and, in the latter case, anthropologists in particular) than from anarchists. Not just have his own students mobilized in defense of him and over 3,800 people from around the world signed a public petition of support, but a bill has even been

introduced into the European Parliament specifically about his case.

Perhaps the fairly tepid anarchist support stems from an aversion to professors in general, or maybe it's just plain resentment that he secured a position at an Ivy League institution instead of working at a high school or community college, as some anarchists have suggested were more appropriate teaching positions. (Some radical listserves and websites are full of big-picture comments, more-or-less literally like, "Fuck you, serves you right for teaching rich kids and selling out to the Man!") And, more than one person has suggested that, with his extensive publishing record and high powered resume, Graeber will have no trouble landing another job.

But while we can debate these issues, what's missing here is any kind of understanding about the larger issues that are at stake, not to mention what's just plumb fucked-up about radicals losing their jobs solely on the basis of their political beliefs. If controversial and radical professors can be purged for their views, it opens the door to this happening at all levels in society. The last time this happened, in the 1950s, the Right did the same and took the radicals head on, purging them from their then-stronghold, the unions, and in particularly the CIO. This effectively smashed the progressive movement for a decade, until the New Left arose.

The universities are practically the only major sector in our society where radicals have established a serious foothold, and can function openly. (Contrary to popular belief, they are not a majority in academia, although liberals may be).

Unless there is a fundamental transformation of the economic and social relationships of our society, we are all dependent on the present system to get by. If the Right can dislodge radicals in one of our only strongholds, it will have cleared any potential obstacles to sweeping us out of all the workplaces where we are forced to toil, whether they are public or private. Remember, Churchill, as a tenured professor and well-known scholar, is in a position of strength that even Graeber, who taught at an Ivy League school, was not since he did not have tenure.

Nothing makes the reputation of a newcomer like picking a fight with the playground bully, instead of the shy kid in back. The last time this happened, in the 1950s, the Right did the same and took the radicals head on, purging them from their then-stronghold, the unions, and in particularly, the CIO. This effectively smashed the progressive movement for a decade, until the New Left arose.

Perhaps workplace justice for radical professors, who many see as part of the privileged establishment, is not the most pressing cause facing the anarchist movement. Graeber himself has said that solidarity is most needed for anarchist political prisoners, like Jeffrey "Free" Luers. But, at the very least, anarchists may wish to think of political action in defense of fired radicals as a simple case of enlightened self-interest, for they may be the next in line.

For more info on David Graeber's situation:
<http://www.geocities.com/graebersolidarity/>

When a Woman Academic is Under Attack, Little is Said

FEAR & LOATHING AT THE UNIVERSITY

by Starla

BOULDER, COLO. Walking by the student center of the University of Colorado at Boulder (CU) one late winter day early this year, I saw campus Republicans swarming around several seven-foot tall poster boards. Usually, they fill these poster boards with meaningless—and largely ignored—right-wing slogans. But this day was different because the press also crowded the area, and a throng of onlookers had gathered. At the cost of being late to my next class, I cut through the mob to read the garish, neon-colored posters.

A CU professor, Ward Churchill, was accused of comparing hard working Americans killed on 9/11 to Nazis in an essay he wrote following the attack. The Young Republicans, along with a gaggle of state legislators and right-wing talk show hosts, were demanding that the professor be dismissed for expressing his unpopular views.

I began to feel angry and confused. Doesn't a tenured professor have the academic freedom to write without fear of censure? Why were some people blowing one article's perspective so entirely out of proportion? And, why did the campus Republicans, with their bullhorns, automatically become the source of objective truth that so few were willing to question?

As the days went on, and the media spectacle unfolded, I understood just how relative academic freedom is in a post-9/11 world, as well as how easily a lynch mob mentality is created.

A few days later, by chance, I spotted a flyer calling for a protest in response to the firing of another academic, Adrienne Anderson. It related how Anderson had been fired for comments in her classroom and in research deemed offensive. The comments and research secretly upset the Coors and Lockheed Martin corporations, two major contributors to the university.

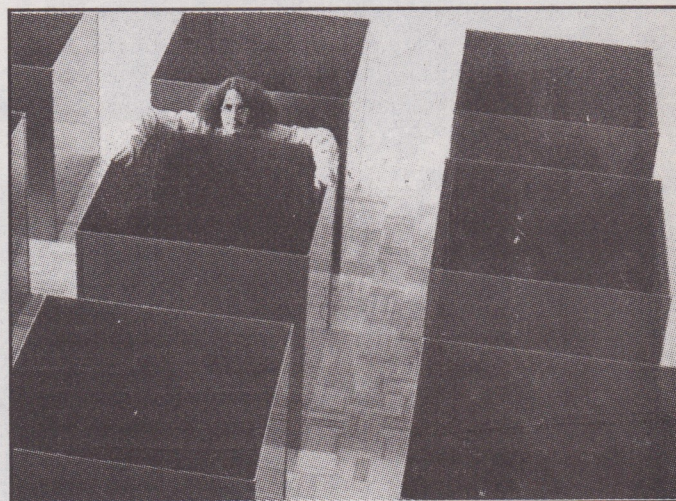
After talking with Lovetree, a woman leading the fight to get Anderson rehired, I learned that CU's official position was that Anderson had been fired due to lack of financial resources. This instructor, who only made \$25,000 a year, could not find a place in the Environmental Studies budget, but it is strange to know that she is the only instructor doing any research aimed at the pollution of major corporations.

According to Lovetree, Anderson is almost finished with a project called the *White Papers*, in which she details her observations of local neighborhoods polluted by runoff from Coors and Lockheed Martin. Lovetree said that Anderson discovered women in these affected zones that had given birth

to boneless babies and tumors, among many other tragic results. The CU Environmental Studies Club is quietly fighting the dismissal of their beloved Adrienne Anderson by raising the \$25,000 that the Environmental Studies Department says it does not have for her salary. (Donations can be sent to: Environmental Studies Club, University of Colorado, UMC 330, UCB 207, Boulder, Colorado 80309).

Anderson's battle is more important and easier to resolve than the Churchill scandal. It is somewhat disappointing that Anderson says she does not want any part in exposing her plight to media coverage. Lovetree explains this is Anderson's choice because she fears being falsely quoted or misrepresented by reporters. She would rather fight her battles quietly, unlike Churchill who gets covered by every national news outlet. Anderson's stance is double edged as she could easily get support from many people, but does not because she fears the repercussions of reaching out to the three ring media circus.

Anderson's story is sadly not a new tale in academia. There are many professors, instructors, and students that are quietly

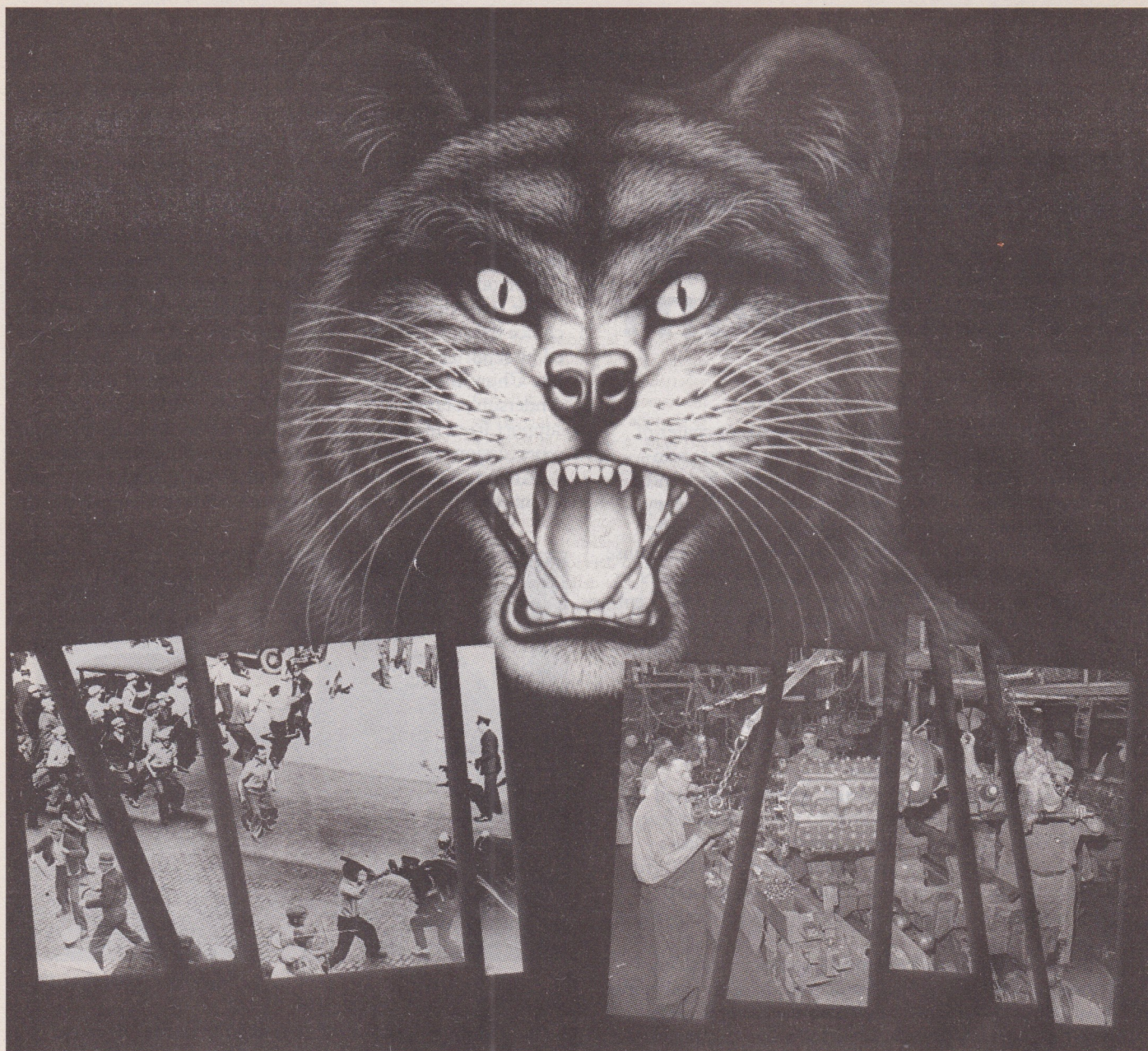


—photo: FE file; circa 1970

disposed of each year for expressing themselves in ways deemed unacceptable by some almighty Censor. Each one of these muted disposals chips away at every individual's right to originality and freedom.

As a woman, anarchist, autonomy-loving college student, I have found that protecting academic freedom in the university is a complicated process that constantly tests the quality of my creativity, beliefs, and ability to override the norms of society. I want to point out the conflicts and problems of society in a radical way in my classes, but it is hard to be completely open and involved in classroom discussions and assignments due to the present hostile and fear-based environment at CU. This is compounded by the fact that I am a woman in a classroom setting where men are called on more often and are assumed to be more credible.

This is not to say that I am afraid, because I promise to do my part and rise up against those who are attempting to break down academic freedom and destroy the central purpose of the university—the acquisition of truth.



.Wobblies & Work.

This special section, announcing itself with the above headline, contains more of a critical and theoretical tension than may be immediately obvious at first reading. Imbedded in it is the difference between the clarion call proposed by Marxists to the international proletariat, "Workers of the World, Unite," and another slogan, introduced in these pages some three decades ago—"Workers of the World, Relax!"

During those thirty years, not only have we refused to take Marx's view of the means of production and the civilization it has engendered as a starting point for our vision of a different world, but we have also looked critically at the nature of both

work and the social structures that evolved from wage labor, including the state and capitalism.

Our question, the one the hunter-gatherer Hadza people ask of their agrarian neighbors in the Marshal Sahlins reprint below, "Why farm when there are so many mongo mongo nuts?" or, better put for the modern era of the last 4,000 years, why build pyramids and ziggurats, shopping malls and skyscrapers, automobiles and freeways, when there are so many mongo mongo nuts?

In other words, why did we exchange the low-technology, low-impact, mostly egalitarian societies, which marked the



majority of our species time on the planet, for authoritarian rule, hierarchical class structures, mass technics and destructive environmental patterns that guarantee that vast sections of the world's population during any given era, and perhaps even more so today, are relegated to lives of misery, penury, war and disease?

Actually, there was little choice involved. The first state societies, which arose millennia ago, were rackets to assure the unequal distribution of the first accumulated agricultural surpluses and the power over others that came with it. Whole sectors of the population were press-ganged into slavery to build towers of praise to the emergent rulers to mystify the ruled, and huge public works projects, such as irrigation systems, to assure the maintenance of sources of wealth for the elite.

Since then, the modern era has been defined by institutionalized systems of slavery—labor extracted unwillingly from a subordinate class—and from the systematic looting of people, land and resources for the enrichment of those occupying the upper strata of a social pyramid marked by intense privilege at the top with increasing misery as one descends toward the bottom of the class structure. This process is only escalating today.

The question we should examine is: what would have been possible and what is possible today without the coercion of labor? Formal chattel slavery has been replaced in the modern era with wage work, or what the old workers movement called wage slavery. Isn't it likely, that if it wasn't for a subordinate class forced to work at horrible tasks (think building the pyramid of Cheops, rowing in a Roman galley, working in a coal mine, an auto paint shop, at a blast furnace, in a metal forge department, wiring chip boards, etc.) maybe we'd all be chomping on mongo mongo nuts. It is only class society and the coercion of wage slavery that has allowed any of what we conceive of as modern civilization to be constructed.

Heretofore, most Marxists, anarchists and syndicalists, viewed wresting control of the administration of the instruments of production as the solution to the misery capitalism brings to so many, rather than questioning the entire industrial system. Reformist slogans like, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," predominated during the nineteenth century, but the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), whose centenary we celebrate this issue, realizing that formulation still left workers as a subordinate class, issued the demand, "Abolition of the wage system."

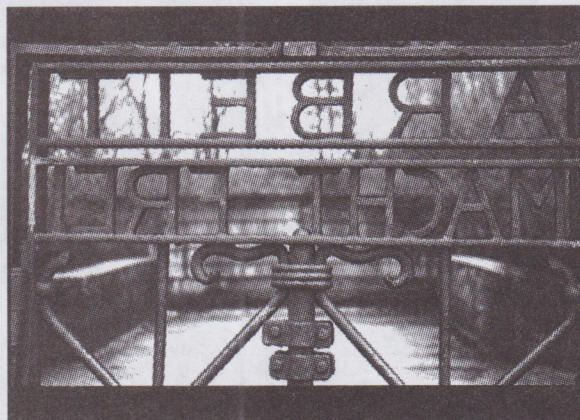
The IWW, however, never confronted the implications of their call beyond the fundamentally decent demand for the end of a system of cruelty and exploitation. The assumption was that with their One Big Union replacing the capitalist wage system and its control apparatus, the state, we'll all live happily ever after in a modern and democratically administered society where scarcity has been abolished along with oppressive institutions.

At a point where people all across the world are experiencing intensified immiserization, but a seemingly simultaneous submissiveness, I applaud every report in the IWW's monthly newspaper that the union has organized eight Starbucks baristas in New York City. Even such a small blip of rebellion seems heartening. But if we extrapolate from a particular vision of another world, shouldn't we ask questions about what it will look like and how fundamentally it will change?

For instance, who will volunteer (no more coercion) to do the worst, deadly, mind-numbing jobs that make this system go? You can't split up the nastiest work; you can't have part-time coal or steel workers. Any society, even a revolutionary one, based on petro-chemical-industrial-nuclear assumptions, demands not only a subordinate class, but a *sacrifice* class, comprised of people who have their life stunted by terrible work and their health dreadfully harmed. Take away the assumptions of capitalist production and what is left of the modern world?

Since there are probably those, upon reading this, who are already thinking of ingenious ways to allow the gadgets of modernity to remain after a revolution, the question should be asked of them, what if everything the privileged classes of the Northern tier countries take for granted were suddenly available to everyone everywhere? American suburban life would become universalized among five billion people with a resulting massive production, consumption and waste increase. How long could the planet take this? Also, how can we create decentralized, egalitarian, communal villages and maintain centralized production and distribution?

Ultimately, there are more questions to pose than can be currently answered. In the meantime, I think it is appropriate to give congratulations and support to the Wobblies on their hundredth anniversary and to realize they, like everything else, is in process. When we can answer the many questions confronting us, perhaps then we will be ready to bring down the Leviathan.







WHY I WAS A BURGLAR

**"The right to live can't be
begged for—it is taken."**

In Paris, between 1900–03, Alexandre Jacob (1879–1954) and his comrades organized a group of anarchist burglars which carried out 156 break-ins before being caught. Their targets were the wealthy and the gang's project was to punish them by striking at their most sensitive organ—their wallet. Jacob and his friends were dubbed "Workers of the Night" by the sensationalist Paris press. These unusual robbers believed that theft should not be for personal gain, but an attack against the world of the powerful. Instead of becoming rich himself from the gang's enterprises, Jacob generously donated to anarchist causes.

Jacob was captured on April 21, 1903, tried and sentenced to life imprisonment. His term was commuted to five years hard labor at the dreaded penal colony in French Guiana from which he repeatedly tried to escape, thus having his sentence extended. He was released 23 years later only due to the closing of the prison. Upon release, Jacob lived an uneventful life until his suicide in 1954.

Jacob made evident his contempt for bourgeois convention at the conclusion of his 1903 trial in the statement to the court reprinted in part below. It was printed in 1999 by the French publisher L'Insominaque, in a collection of Jacob's writings, and translated here by a collective member living in Montreal, S. Laplage.

One who sells liquor or owns a brothel gets rich while a genius dies in poverty on a hospital pallet. The baker kneads bread but has none; the shoemaker makes thousands of shoes, yet we see his toes; the weavers who make stocks of cloth has none to cover themselves with; the mason who builds castles and palaces suffocates in a disgusting hovel. Those who produce nothing have everything.

This situation can only create antagonism between the laboring and possessing—or idle—classes. This struggle ignites and hatred strikes its blows. Society only grants me three means of existing: work, begging, and theft. Work, far from repelling me, pleases me. People can't do without work. What disgusts me is sweating blood and water for the alms that are called a salary and to create the wealth I would be deprived of. In other words, it disgusts me to participate in the prostitution of work. Begging is degradation, the negation of one's dignity. Everyone has a right to life's banquet.

The right to live can't be begged for—it is taken.

Theft is restitution, repossession. Instead of being cloistered in a factory, which is like being in a prison colony, rather than begging for what I have the right to, I prefer to rebel and relentlessly combat my enemies by making war on the rich,

Sirs:

You now know who I am—a rebel living on the fruits of my burglaries. Moreover, I set fire to several mansions and defended my freedom against attacks by the agents of power.

Since I don't acknowledge anyone's right to judge me, I don't implore your pardon or indulgence. You are the strongest! Do what you wish with me—send me to a penal colony or to the scaffolds, it doesn't matter to me. But one last word before we part.

Since you reproach me, above all, for being a thief, it would be useful to define theft. . . The more a person works, the less they earn; the less they produce, the more they benefit. Merit is not considered. Only the daring seize power and hasten to legalize their plunder. All is misconduct on one hand and idiocy on the other. Having these convictions, how could you except me to respect this situation?

Facing page: Flavio Costantini



by attacking their possessions. Of course, I'm sure that you would have preferred that I submit to your laws. As a docile and weak worker, I would have created wealth in exchange for a miserable salary, and when my body was worn out and my brain dulled, I would die in some corner. Then, you would call me an "honest worker," instead of a "cynical bandit." Using flattery, you would award me a medal of work. Priests promise paradise to their dupes; being less abstract, you offer them pieces of paper instead.

Thank you so much sir, for so much kindness, so much gratitude. I prefer to be a cynic aware of my rights than an automaton.

As soon as I began following my conscience, I became, without scruples, a thief. I don't give a damn about your so-called morality that approves respect for property as a virtue while proprietors are in reality the worst thieves. Consider



"I would create wealth in exchange for a miserable salary, and when my body was worn out and my brain dulled, I would die in some corner."

yourselves lucky that this prejudice has become rooted with the ordinary people, as it's your best *gendarme*. Considering the law's force, you have made this prejudice your most solid protector. But be careful—everything in its time. Everything built on trickery and force can be demolished by trickery and force.

The people evolve each day. Understanding these truths, aware of their rights, every pauper, each beggar—meaning all your victims—having armed themselves with a crowbar, would charge your homes and take back their wealth, wealth they created and that you have stolen. Do you think they would be unhappier? I doubt it. If they reflected upon the situation, they would prefer to run the risk instead of fattening you up while they moan in destitution. Prison. . . the penal colony. . . the scaffold! is what one would say. But what are these perspectives compared to a life of being a moron with unlimited suffering. . . Even the *gendarme* and the police, your valets who, for the bones you give them to gnaw on, sometimes find death in the struggle they undertake against your enemies.

Obstinate in your narrow selfishness, you remain skeptical about this vision, don't you? The people are afraid, you seem to say. We govern by fear and repression; if they scream, we'll throw them in prison; if they budge, we'll deport them to a penal colony; if they act, we'll guillotine them! A bad calculation, sirs, believe me. The punishments you inflict aren't a remedy against acts of revolt. Repression, far from being a remedy, or even a palliative, only aggravates the problem.

Punishments can only sow the seeds of vengeance and hatred. It's a fatal cycle. Besides, ever since you've been cutting off heads, ever since you've been filling up prisons and penal colonies, have you stopped the manifestations of hatred? Answer! Respond! The facts demonstrate your impotence. As for me, I knew full well that my conduct could only lead me to the penal colony or the scaffold.

You must realize that this didn't prevent my actions. If I stole, it was not a question of gain, but a question of principle, of a right. I preferred to conserve my liberty, my independence, my human dignity to becoming the artisan of my master's fortune. To be blunt, I preferred to steal than to be stolen from.

In order to destroy an effect, one must destroy the cause. If there's theft, it's because there's abundance on hand and famine on the other; because everything belongs to a few. The struggle will only disappear when people will share their joy and their sorrow, their work and their wealth—when all belongs to everyone.

**Revolutionary anarchist, I made my Revolution.
For Anarchy**



The Original Living Good in Affluent Society The Stone Age

by Marshall Sahlins

FE Note: The following is an edited version of the first chapter of Marshall Sahlins classic and groundbreaking work, *Stone Age Economics* (Aldine, 1972), entitled "The Original Affluent Society."

In it, Sahlins confronts prevailing academic and popular myths regarding life before the state and technology which is usually conceived of, after Hobbes, as being "nasty, brutish and short." As with most governing modern mythologies, this one turns out to be another apology for the reigning misery and a projection of *our* reality onto social forms that have all but been destroyed.

Ellipses mark where cuts have been made and some of the paragraphs appear in different order than in the original.

That sentence of "life at hard labor" was passed uniquely upon us. Scarcity is the judgment decreed by our economy, so also the axiom of our Economics: the application of scarce means against alternative ends to derive the most satisfaction possible under the circumstances. And it is precisely from this anxious vantage that we look back upon hunters.

But if modern man, with all his technological advantages, still hasn't got the wherewithal, what chance has this naked savage with his puny bow and arrow? Having equipped the hunter with bourgeois impulses and Paleolithic tools, we judge his situation hopeless in advance. . . .

We are inclined to think of hunters and gatherers as *poor* because they don't have anything; perhaps better to think of them for that reason as *free*. "Their extremely limited material possessions relieve them of all cares with regard to daily

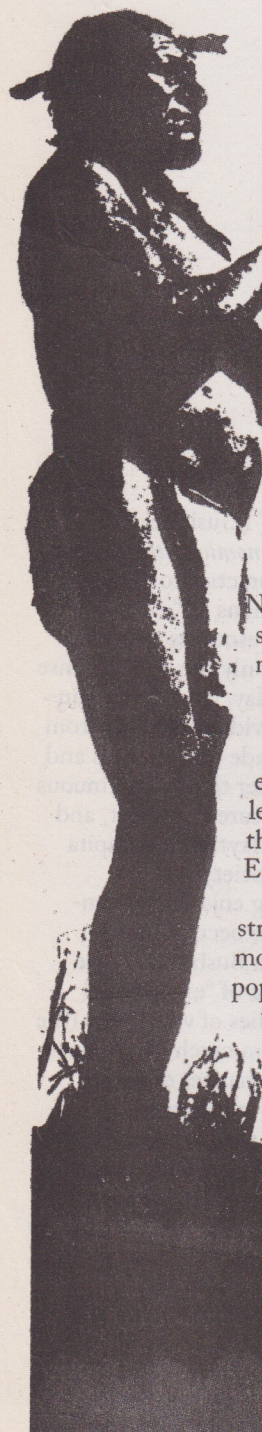
necessities and permit them to enjoy life" (Gusinde, 1961).

When Herskovits was writing his *Economic Anthropology* (1958), it was common anthropological practice to take the [African] Bushmen or the native Australians as "a classic illustration of a people whose economic resources are of the scantiest," so precariously situated that "only the most intense application makes survival possible." Today, the "classic" understanding can be fairly reversed—on evidence largely from these two groups. A good case can be made that hunters and gatherers work less than we do, and, rather than a continuous travail, the food quest is intermittent, leisure abundant, and there is a greater amount of sleep in the daytime per capita per year than in any other condition of society. . . .

[I]n Africa, the Hadza have been long enjoying a comparable ease, with a burden of subsistence occupations no more strenuous in hours per day than the Bushmen or the Australian Aborigines. Living in an area of "exceptional abundance" of animals and regular supplies of vegetables (the vicinity of Lake Eyasie), Hadza men seem much more concerned with games of chance than with chances of game.

During the long dry season especially, they pass the greater part of days on end in gambling, perhaps only to lose the metal-tipped arrows they need for big game hunting at other times. In any case, many men are "quite unprepared or unable to hunt big game even when they possess the necessary arrows." Only a small minority, Woodburn writes, are active hunters of large animals, and if women are generally more assiduous at their vegetable collecting, still it is at a leisurely pace and without prolonged labor.

Despite this nonchalance, and an only limited economic cooperation, Hadza "nonetheless obtain sufficient food without undue effort." Woodburn offers this "very rough ap-



proximation" of subsistence-labor requirements: "Over the year as a whole, probably an average of less than two hours a day is spent obtaining food." . . .

Interesting that the Hadza, tutored by life and not by anthropology, reject the Neolithic revolution in order to *keep* their leisure. Although surrounded by cultivators, they have until recently refused to take up agriculture themselves, "mainly on the grounds that this would involve too much hard work. In this, they are like the Bushmen, who respond to the Neolithic question with another: 'Why should we plant, when there are so many mongo mongo nuts in the world?'" (Lee, 1968). Woodburn moreover did form the impression, although as yet unsubstantiated, that Hadza actually expend less energy, and probably less time, in obtaining subsistence than do neighboring cultivators of East Africa. . . .

Hunting and gathering has all the strengths of its weaknesses. Periodic movement and restraint in wealth and population are at once imperatives of the economic practice and creative adaptations, the kinds of necessities of which

"Why plant when there are so many mongo mongo nuts?"

virtues are made. Precisely in such a framework, affluence becomes possible. Mobility and moderation put hunters' ends within range of their technical means. An undeveloped mode of production is thus rendered highly effective. The hunter's life is not as difficult as it looks from the outside. In some ways the economy reflects dire ecology, but it is also a complete inversion.

Reports on hunters and gatherers of the ethnological present—specifically on those in marginal environments—suggest a mean of three to five hours per adult worker per day in food production. Hunters keep banker's hours, notably less than modern industrial workers (unionized), who would surely settle for a 21-35 hour week. An interesting comparison is also posed by recent studies of labor costs among agriculturalists of Neolithic type.

For example, the average adult Hanunoo, man or woman, spends 1,200 hours per year in swidden cultivation (Conklin, 1957); which is to say, a mean of three hours twenty minutes per day. Yet this figure does not include food gathering, animal raising, cooking and other direct subsistence efforts of these Philippine tribesmen. Comparable data are beginning to appear in reports on other primitive agriculturalists from many parts of the world. The conclusion is put conserva-

tively when put negatively: hunters and gatherers need not work longer getting food than do primitive cultivators. Extrapolating from ethnography to prehistory, one may say as much for the Neolithic as John Stuart Mill said of all labor-saving devices, that never was one invented that saved anyone a minute's labor. The Neolithic saw no particular improvement over the Paleolithic in the amount of time required per capita for the production of subsistence; probably, with the advent

Continued on Page

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Working for the Man: The Cult of Stakhanov

"History's political and economic power structures have always abhorred 'idle people' as potential troublemakers. Yet nature never abhors seemingly idle trees, grass, snails, coral reefs, and clouds in the sky."

—R. Buckminster Fuller

This year marks the one hundredth birthday of the Industrial Workers of the World union, but it is also the seventy-fifth anniversary of an event that symbolizes everything that the Wobblies battled against: that is, the perverse concept that work is ennobling, righteous, empowering and essentially has no bearing on class relations.

The most powerful (and depressing) example of this attitude was the rise of Stakhanovism. On August 31, 1935, a Soviet miner working in the Donets Basin in eastern Ukraine (still the site of one of the densest and most toxic concentrations of industrialized space in the world) reportedly quarried 102 tons of coal during his regular six-hour shift, a world record that represented almost fifteen times his regular, State-enforced quota.

The miner's name was Aleksei Stakhanov, and the propaganda machine mobilized to celebrate his work on that day represents one of the worst, most despicable moments in the struggle to abolish wage slavery since the first Industrial Revolution.

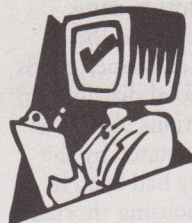


Within days of Stakhanov's ridiculous alleged achievement, the ruling Communist Party initiated a cult around productivity excess and began awarding State medals to individual workers and peasants who gloriously over-achieved. It took more than fifty years for the Soviet government to officially admit to having concocted Stakhanov's superhuman tale for propaganda and economic purposes.

In late November 1935, the Party held an All-Union Stakhanovite Conference featuring endless testimonials by zealous workaholics explaining how they managed to accomplish preposterously Herculean feats by their endless

toil (usually through Taylorist, capitalist time-study methods), clean living, Stalinized socialism, and boundless patriotism for the USSR. Stakhanovites insisted that they could not have succeeded in the mines, in the fields, or on the shop floor if

it wasn't for their somber reverence for neatness, good hygiene, and strict on-the-job obedience.



Many of the most fanatical Stakhanovites extolled the genius of Stalin for creating a progressive piece-rate pay scale that rewarded above-quota production and pitted individual workers against one another in ferocious

competition for the meager incentives. One of Stalin's remarks during his keynote address at the Stakhanovite conference became the official slogan for the hyper-worker: thanks to manic industrialization and escalated drudgery, "life has become better and happier, too."

Soon thereafter, the Stakhanovite became a prominent part of the pantheon of State heroes. Motion pictures, newsreels, plays and novels portrayed the lives and endless successes of Stakhanovites, as well as the selfish schemes of the unscrupulous, hung-over, counter-revolutionary slackers (in Russian, a *bezdelnik*) who tried to ruin workplace morale.

Stakhanovite magazines featured advertisements for hard-to-find luxury items (big apartments, automobiles, perfume) which were only available to those outstanding go-getters who labored harder, longer and better than anyone else at work. (In the USA, *Time* magazine featured Stakhanov's portrait on its front cover in mid-December 1935 above the headline "Workers of the World Unite for his Wife's Lingerie and Perfume.")



With the lure of commodities, these organs of the Soviet state encouraged people to strive to become a "two-hundreder" (those who produced twice their quota in a single shift) or, better yet, a



"one-thousanders" (1,000% more than their work quota). They also provided information on house-cleaning and the best recipes that a dutiful wife could prepare for her frenetically industrious husband who needed to maximize his energy. Meanwhile, special industrial training seminars were created to drill foremen and managers in how to Stakhanovize their labor force.

The motivations of the Stalinist bosses for creating this workerist myth is obvious when you consider the historical context. The rise of the Stakhanovite celebrity masochist



occurred in 1935, right smack dab in the middle of Stalin's second Five-Year Plan (1933-1937). During those years, the Soviet government was desperate to jumpstart and advance state-capitalism under the guise of Marxism.

The Soviet economy was massively geared toward heavy industry, dams and electrification projects, and the

production of munitions, and there were few consumer goods available to the average family. Government food distribution was unreliable and often provided inedible rations. As in the Western capitalist societies that had been devastated by the Great Depression, wages were lower than they had been in the previous decade, and a severe affordable housing shortage created abysmal living conditions for most Soviet families.

Consider, too, the fact that, not long after launching the Stakhanovite propaganda project, Stalin set about erecting a new and very harsh regime of labor discipline, starting with the criminalization of worker absenteeism and penalties of two to four months prison time for quitting your job.

In January 1939, the government passed a new law defining absenteeism to include being more than 20 minutes late to work or leaving 20 minutes early—the consequences for breaking this 20-minute rule included mandatory dismissal and loss of social benefits (food, housing, medical treatment). Failure to enforce these new laws meant that bosses and law enforcement officials could end up in jail themselves.



Bringing the State's repressive police apparatus to bear on workplace issues

provides a good indication of how desperately the Soviet government depended upon labor stolen from workers under the banner of "life has become better and happier." Profit, after all, can only exist when excess (unpaid) labor is hoarded and traded while the heavy iron wheels of production keep turning for as little expense as possible.

In short, the make-believe stories of nationwide Stakhanovite success was meant to pacify Soviet laborers

with the same flavor of hogwash being consumed in the West: shop floor competition and intense individual toil was all that was needed to get ahead in a capitalist system, be it market or state-capitalism.

As in the US, this tactic diverted people's attention away from the realization that their collective misery is systemic and instead encourages them to believe that their wretched lives are the result of personal moral failure.

As a cautionary tale, the seventieth anniversary of the founding of Stakhanovism is as important to history of the anti-work movement as is the centenary of the start of the IWW. The Wobblies have always been about refusing work and to participate in the creation of the profit needed for capitalist development—one of the union's slogans on the picket line was "I Won't Work."

The Wobs opposed the unremittingly coercive technologies of time-management, surveillance, discipline and control as demoralizing, inhuman and alienating. There will always be petty arguments about whether or not the IWW was influenced more by Marxism, anarchism or anarcho-syndicalism. But it would be a mistake to categorize Wobbly calls for "self-management," "worker autonomy," "point-of-production organizing" and "direct democracy in the workplace" as a form of workerism.

As Fred Thompson explored in the introduction to a 1989 reprint of Paul Lafargue's *The Right to Be Lazy*, the Wobblies



are, above all else, "forerunners of a future in which work and leisure are indistinguishable purposeful activities, far from inane, self-directed, freed from all taint of commodity culture because we work for the fun of it and get what we want for free."

Even when they were fighting for safer working conditions, shorter work days, and higher pay, the IWWs were the polar opposite of the Stakhanovites. In fact, the Stakhanovite would probably be regarded by the Wobbly as a "scissorbill"—in his 1933 pamphlet, *The General Strike*, IWW poet and soapbox speaker Ralph Chaplin described the scissorbill worker as someone whose mind "belongs to the last editor, speaker or politician who filled the aching void with insidious poison or anti-proletarian misinformation. Such workers not only play the sucker end in the shell game of capitalism, but they also are too dumb and blind to figure out what has happened when things go wrong."

In short, he or she is "a wage-slave with a capitalist mind; a decaying middle-class mind," one whose unquestioned faith in and respect for the capitalist wage system, private property, God, fatherland, and the food-chain of authority prevents him or her from comprehending that the work ethic—as well as work itself—has to be eradicated, not cherished.



The IWW

100 Years of Resistance and Repression A Radical Union Endures



IWW organizer, Elizabeth Gurley-Flynn, addresses strikers during the 1912 Paterson, New Jersey strike. (Labadie Collection)

by Julie Herrada

By the last half of the nineteenth century, working conditions in American factories, mines, and mills were deplorable. Industrialists were ruthless about making money at the expense of the health and safety of the workers. They looked upon their employees as less than human.

No labor laws existed to protect the men, women and children who poured into northern industrial centers. The cheapest of laborers were the freed slaves from the South and poor immigrants from all over Europe, escaping famines, devastating wars, and repressive regimes. Slavery was officially outlawed in the United States, but the treatment of black people was little different than before the Emancipation Proclamation.

Disease-ridden slums made up of sub-standard tenements with no sanitation did not make their home lives any easier than their work lives. Mining towns were similar. Immigrants

from Europe hoping to find a better way of life found instead that conditions were as dire as those they had left behind.

In addition to poverty-level wages, dangerous machinery, sub-standard and unsanitary sweatshops, and indifferent and cruel bosses who would often lock workers inside, exceedingly long hours were imposed on workers of all ages. Six-day work weeks of 12-14 hours each were not uncommon. Any act of resistance on the part of the workers was usually met with government violence.

As a reaction to this state of affairs, a meeting of anarchists, socialists, and trade unionists convened in Chicago on June 27, 1905 to form the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW). Among the nearly 200 assembled radicals were the leader of the Socialist Party Eugene V. Debs, anarchist priest and editor of *Voice of Labor*, Fr. Thomas J. Hagerty, editor of the United Brewery Workers German-language paper *Brauer*



Zeitung, William Trautmann, well-known labor activist Mother Jones, Western Federation of Miners President William D. ("Big Bill") Haywood, Socialist Labor Party leader Daniel De Leon, and Lucy Parsons, anarchist and widow of Haymarket martyr Albert Parsons, as well as members of the International Working People's Association. They convened to expressly "do away with capitalism."

Presiding over the meeting was Haywood, a large and powerful presence. He began with this statement:

"Fellow Workers, this is the

Direct action (legal and illegal) and sabotage had been used by the U.S. and European labor movements as a method of class combat since the rise of industrialism.

These tactics allowed workers to fight back using whatever tools were available to them, and was viewed as a viable method of achieving worker demands outside of political channels. The IWW promoted direct action after the 1908 split with the Socialist Labor Party (which only advocated political action); however, it was not official union policy then only for a short time.

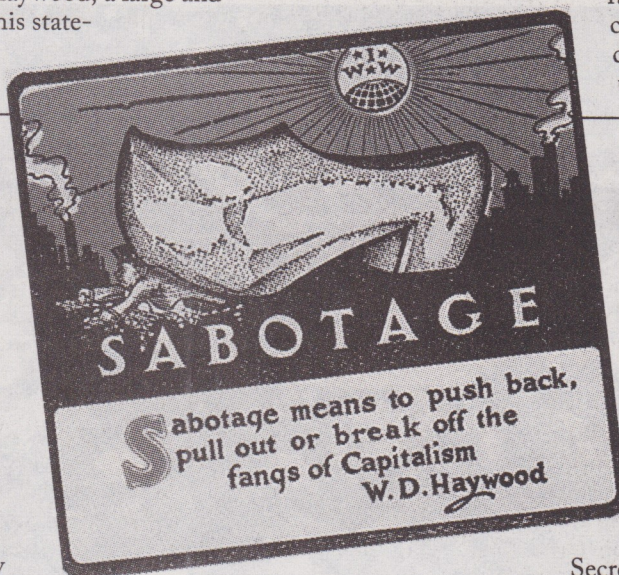
The word sabotage was never formally or explicitly defined, so interpretation was loose. For the most part, the IWW's definition referred to conscious, non-violent withdrawal of efficiency, such as work slowdowns, although some probably construed a more aggressive connotation. It was strongly promoted by some, especially the anarchist IWW members in the *Industrial Worker* as well as in the workplace.

There is no doubt that whatever definition applied, machine breaking, slowing down, and otherwise reducing efficiency gave workers a sense of empowerment and the solidarity needed to continue their struggles. "Direct action gets the goods" was a popular saying among Wobblies.

Lucy Parsons, a founding IWW member and one of the most prominent women in American labor history, was an advocate of sabotage. In one speech, she urged workers to "learn the use of explosives!" A hundred years later, police still find her fiery rhetoric offensive. A park in

Continental Congress of the Working Class. We are here to confederate the workers of this country into a working-class movement in possession of the economic powers, the means of life, in control of the machinery of production and distribution without regard to capitalist masters."

The delegates present agreed on the need to organize all workers into One Big Union, regardless of skill or trade, race or gender. This concept was in complete opposition to the American Federation of Labor's craft unionism in which only skilled,



Chicago was recently named for her, despite clamorous objections by the local police.

The IWW symbol of sabotage was and still is the black cat or "sab cat." Originally designed by Ralph Chaplin, it was used to symbolize wildcat strikes and other forms of direct action.

The cat was recently given a facelift by Alexis Buss, the IWW General

Secretary-Treasurer and is now

commonly identified with the Wobblies. Union songs, poems, and cartoons, as well as printed stickers, advocate sabotage. The IWW is the only labor union in U.S. history to officially promote this tactic. That changed, however, in 1917, when the government stepped up its repression against radicals and arrested hundreds of IWW members.

Shortly before this, Frank Little and other militant Wobblies wanted to reprint Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's controversial 1913 speech to the striking Paterson silk workers, *Sabotage: the Conscious Withdrawal of the Workers' Industrial Efficiency*, but in an effort to turn the government's attention away from IWW activities, his motion was voted down. Soon after the 1918 IWW Chicago trial, the union withdrew Gurley Flynn's and similar books and pamphlets from circulation even though the government was unable to provide any evidence of sabotage. The union also officially renounced the use of sabotage by any of its members.

By 1989, however, with almost all of the IWW old-timers gone and their jail terms no longer a harsh memory, the word appeared again on the cover of the *Industrial Worker* after an almost 70-year retirement. —JH



tradesmen were allowed membership. In fact, the formation of the IWW was a direct response to the AFL's exclusionary policies. The elitist AFL (referred to disparagingly by the Wobblies as the "American Separation of Labor") would only organize skilled trade workers, thereby excluding blacks, hobos, immigrants, itinerant workers, and women. In addition, the IWW vowed to abolish the wage system, and allow the workers to take control of industry at the point of production. AFL leader Samuel Gompers tried to persuade and intimidate local AFL members from attending the Chicago convention, and never gave up his fight against the IWW.

IWW FREE

Because of the IWW's mission to organize all workers into One Big Union, immigrants, migrants, blacklisted, unskilled, itinerant, and other hard-to-reach workers were sought by Wobbly organizers as potential members. Organizers weren't allowed into the shops, factories, or lumber camps, so they congregated on street corners and in town squares where they would address workers from soapboxes, urging them to join the union.

Company owners, aware of the methods used to organize their employees, put pressure on local governments to enact and enforce ordinances against street speaking. The Wobblies decided to defy local ordinances restricting their First Amendment rights and their struggles became known as the Free Speech Fights. Between 1909 and 1916 such challenges took place in several cities, including Missoula, Spokane, Denver, Kansas City, Duluth, Fresno, and San Diego.

Police would arrest the Wobblies as soon as they stepped up to speak, often before they could even say, "Fellow Workers." Some began reading from the U.S. Constitution or the Bill of Rights, adding further irony to the situation. As soon as one was arrested, another would take his place on the soapbox, and before long the local jails were full of Wobblies.

Telegrams were sent out around the country asking any "footloose" Wobs to come and take their turn on the soapbox. Hundreds usually responded, hopping freights just as they would to find work. City officials were not prepared for the onslaught of inmates resulting from the arrests. The entire local judicial system would be clogged with free



By Harrison George
Sequel to the suppressed pamphlet
Shall Freedom Die?
PRICE TEN CENTS

The delegates mostly agreed upon the wording for a Preamble (which underwent two changes, one in 1908 and one in 1992), which still stands as the official manifesto of the IWW. However, there was serious conflict among the founders about one clause, relating to the tactics used to bring about the end of capitalism. One faction, consisting mainly of anarchists, was against political activity of any kind, viewing direct action such as strikes and sabotage as more potent tools.

They, like many anarchists of that time, had been radicalized by the Haymarket affair, and were inspired by the courage of the activists who sacrificed their lives for working men and women.

SPEECH FIGHTS

speech cases. Residents complained, and eventually the city government would give in, dropping all charges and releasing the prisoners in city after city to return to their soap boxing for One Big Union.

The 1912 San Diego free speech fight was not the first, but was the longest running (18 months) and one of the bloodiest. A well organized vigilante committee was

established by the bosses to try to prevent IWWs from coming to San Diego.

Once there, Wobblies faced the prospect of beatings, torture, kidnapping, and even death. Often, the right-wing thugs deported them (which usually meant being dumped out in the desert). Free speech fighters were sprayed with fire hoses. Vigilantes raided and trashed the IWW headquarter and the local press published vicious anti-IWW propaganda.

Anarchist Emma Goldman was invited to give a speech to the workers just as the struggle took on an increasingly ugly character. She describes the incident in her autobiography, *Living My Life*. Although she was warned by the vigilantes not to speak, she and her comrade Ben Reitman ignored the threats. While the Police Chief and Mayor were trying to convince Goldman to cancel her talk, Reitman was kidnapped by vigilantes and taken to the desert. There, he was tortured for hours, had IWW burned into his flesh, and finally tarred and feathered before being put on a train to Los Angeles.

Despite the violence and repression committed against the IWW, it won its free speech fights, including in San Diego, and as a result gained a great deal of recognition and credibility from the working class. -JH



The delegates from the Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party subscribed to political activity (ballots, elections, and labor contracts). Many of them having also witnessed the Haymarket incident, saw what can happen to militant labor agitators, and were not willing to make the same sacrifice. Without reaching a satisfactory compromise, there was a split

in the IWW by 1908, with Daniel De Leon of the Socialist Labor Party leaving to form the Workers' International Industrial Union in Detroit. That group never gained the recognition and reputation the IWW did and dissolved by 1915. The direct-actionists gained control of the IWW, and due to their fearlessness and legendary militant activities, the

WORLD WAR I: THE CHICAGO TRIAL

"No war but the class war!" was the expressed motto of many radicals who refused to enlist or otherwise contribute to any national war effort. At their tenth convention in 1914, the IWW passed a resolution stating, "We as members of the industrial army will refuse to fight for any purpose except the realization of industrial freedom."

However, after the United States declared war on Germany in 1917, the IWW took no official position on the draft although debate was heated on the topic between members of the union's Executive Board. In the end, the leadership decided against explicitly encouraging the membership to violate the law. The way they were subsequently treated, by federal and state officials, however, they may as well have.

During the 1917-20 Red Scare, Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, along with his special assistant, J. Edgar Hoover, declared war on the IWW, conscientious objectors, anarchists, and other radicals. Thousands were arrested for violation of the Espionage Act.

Wobblies and other radicals, including Eugene Debs, A. Philip Randolph, and Russian-born anarchists Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, as well as editors of publications like *The Masses* and the Yiddish language *Der Shturm*, which authorities said criticized the United States and undermined the war effort, were targeted by army troops who raided and ransacked offices, meeting halls, and homes, confiscating records, membership lists, account books, literature, correspondence, minutes, and other paraphernalia.

The 1917 Espionage Act made it illegal to encourage resistance to the draft. The Act was partially a response to the IWW's call for solidarity with workers everywhere, and the fear that public criticism of the war would hinder military recruitment. Penalties for violation included \$10,000 fines and 20 years in prison. A year later, Congress passed the 1918 Sedition Act, which prohibited public criticism of the government. In addition, twenty-

one states passed criminal syndicalism laws in an effort to get rid of the IWW.

Three separate groups of IWW leaders in Chicago, Sacramento, and Wichita were put on trial in 1918 for violating the statutes. Among the 100 Chicago Wobblies arrested were Ralph Chaplin and Big Bill Haywood (Haywood jumped bail along with eight others and fled to Russia at the urging of the Communist Party; he died in Moscow in 1928). The trial lasted five months and although the government's case consisted primarily of attacking IWW theories and principles, all defendants were convicted. The prosecution tried to prove that the organization's official policy advocated violence. However, they were unable to provide any evidence of sabotage; moreover, no such evidence in any IWW trial was ever produced.

In the Cook County (Chicago) jail, the Wobblies passed the time writing poetry and songs, publishing a hand-written jail newspaper, *The Can Opener*, telling stories, giving lectures, and holding meetings. The 34 Kansas prisoners were not so fortunate, suffering horrible prison conditions and severe physical and mental abuse.

Both the Espionage Act and the Sedition Act were repealed in 1921 and President Harding, under pressure from religious and labor groups, as well as the families of the prisoners, began granting clemency for those who requested it. Fifty-two IWWs, however, wrote an open letter to Harding in which they refused to ask for clemency stating they did not violate the law and were denied justice. Those that did request clemency, usually due to family pressures, were scorned by the rest. By 1923, most prisoners were released through presidential pardon.

Despite the great amount of publicity and support the IWW received as a result of the trials and imprisonments, the organization was irrevocably damaged. Although new leadership was in place, the dynamic force of the union was lost; it never regained its hold on the American labor movement.

-JH



labor movement was never the same.

The IWW members, with their anarcho-syndicalist ideals and direct action tactics of sit-down strikes, general strikes, walkouts, and sabotage, were a thorn in the side of employers, police, government officials, and all capitalists. They rejected labor contracts, believing those hinder spontaneous actions and “sympathy” strikes and could corrupt union leaders given power to negotiate with employers on behalf of workers. This revolutionary union was a threat to the status quo and had proved on several occasions its strength and determination.

Most Wobblies, occupying the lowest rung of the class structure, hadn’t much to lose, so threatening them with jail or unemployment was not an effective approach. So great was

their threat, however, that many suffered much worse, such as severe beatings, torture and death, for their activities. By 1907, there were already a number of heated strikes in mines and textile and lumber mills as well as frame-ups of several IWW leaders. Their enemies were powerful and ruthless. Thugs and vigilantes were hired to break strikes, kidnap and beat IWW leaders and sympathizers, and attack members in their homes or union halls. Over the next few years, numerous strikes took place, including the legendary and successful 1912 Bread and Roses strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in which 25,000 workers took part.

Various stories surround the origins of their nickname, “Wobblies.” The most likely refers to the large numbers of

Wobbly without Work? reflections on the IWW anniversary

by Anu Bonobo

If there’s any idea promoted by the Wobblies that needs revision, it’s their concept of “One Big Union.” Even if one big union were do-able, it may not be desirable. If I had to bet on it, I’d predict it will be *One Big Corporation* that will demonstrate to us the dystopian nature of “uniting” seven billion people. (Look for a global company like WorldMart in the future.)

While the international capitalist system should stimulate global solidarity among non-elites, our struggles and solutions are necessarily local, regional, and decentralized. The current examples of Wobbly struggles can be understood as successfully small because they demonstrate the manner in which organization actually accomplishes its goals—horizontally among peers.

Only by fighting battles we can win and endorsing a vision we can manage as equals will we salvage the militant kernel that the Wobblies announced in 1905. Glib pronouncements about globalization from below actually betray the economic and ecological imperatives of the planetary predicament.

Size does matter, and small is what societies are when they function in an egalitarian fashion. The Wobbly spirit of revolution isn’t really about owning the means of production and

controlling them through a bureaucracy of councils and syndicates—but rather, as the IWW Preamble suggests, “abolishing the wage system” and “living in harmony with the earth.”

Are Wobblies workerist? That is, do they glorify toil and sacrifice? This critical concern deserves some deconstruction if we are to extend the Wobbly ideal into the next 100 years. Here, Wobbly tradition is instructive. Since so many Wobs were unemployed, they did not glorify the daily drudge, and this zerowork tendency was best expressed in many Wobbly songs. Similarly, since so many Wobs were young migrants and outcasts, they never glorified middle-class institutions like schools and elections.

The Preamble also promotes an unwavering radicalism on the question of reform versus revolution, announcing its imperative to abolish the wage system. Those who would lump this tradition into the garden-variety tendency of workerism are wrong. In fact, the Wobbly spirit encourages an antagonism to the idea of work itself, in contrast to the New Age revision of workerism often labeled “right livelihood,” or even anarchist notions of worker-owned collectives.

Efforts to “reclaim” or “redefine” work often lack critical examination and social awareness and instead proffer trite rationalizations to encourage more work. These ideas comprise a sort of Protestant Work Ethic Lite, promoting principled labor as a path to spiritual redemption for the alienated middle class consumer.

We all can gain gratification and

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Chinese immigrants in the U.S. during the union's first few decades, whose pronunciation of the "w" in IWW came out as "eye-wobble-wobble." The organization's ability to appeal to immigrants attracted members other unions could not or would not reach out to. Today, all IWW members are known as Wobblies or Wobs. Their greeting of solidarity to each other is "Fellow Worker."

In addition to their radical ideas and militant tactics, the Wobblies are renown for their imagination and creativity as writers, poets, singers, and artists. Their wisecracking, inventive, and catchy irreverence gave way to some of the most widely sung labor songs in history. Many religious hymns were appropriated by the atheistic Wobs and new, mocking, anti-boss and anti-preacher words replaced the church's version. Many people are attracted to the union through its music, art, and merriment. Their *Little Red Song Books*, containing many songs by the IWW's most famous member, Joe Hill, have been a staple on picket lines and at demonstrations throughout the last century. These songs help create a genuine feeling of solidarity in their company.

Trains and hobos also figure prominently in Wobbly culture. Through the 1930s, trains were the most common form of long-distance transportation. Hobos had their own language and subculture and were traditionally impossible to organize. They were perceived as outsiders and usually preferred that status. However, they could be counted on in a pinch, to hop freights, converge on a city or town where there was a fight against free speech or a strike, and turn the tables against the bosses and police. Alone, they were sitting ducks, subjected to various abuses on and off the job, but together they made up a formidable force in the IWW movement.

Some derogatory nicknames for IWW members, such as "I Won't Work," "I Want Whiskey," or "Irresponsible Wholesale Wreckers," have been used to turn public opinion and potential employers against them, although most IWWs did not deny the monikers. Wobblies played the same name game, sometimes referring to themselves as "International Wonder Workers." "I Will Win" was another twist they used on the acronym. One of the most common errors in referring to the union is as "International Workers of the World."

The IWW fought grueling strikes and faced fierce and ultimately debilitating government repression during its early years. Although diminished significantly, the union fought on

during the succeeding decades waging battles for workers in mining, lumber, and early auto organizing. In the midst of the post-World War II anti-communist hysteria, the IWW was put on U.S. Attorney General's List of Subversive Organizations in 1949 and by the time of its 50th anniversary, the union was almost extinct.

There was some activity in the union from 1950 until the late-1960s which kept it alive. Then, a revival began to take place in university towns in the Midwest and several organizing drives were waged around the country throughout the 1970s and 1980s. The union's focus since then has been in the natural food, commercial, service, retail, recycling, and construction industries as well as non-profit organizations. Politically the union has strongly supported the environmental, antiwar, and other progressive movements for social change. There are currently branches in 25 states in the U.S., plus ones in Australia, Canada, Germany, Great Britain, and Japan. With 1,500 dues paying members, they represent eleven industries, including lumber, marine

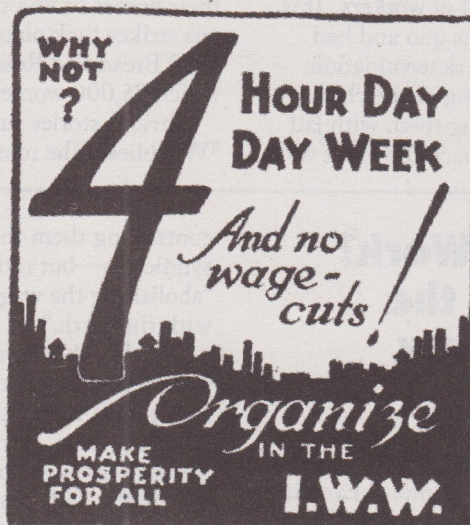
transport, construction, clothing, motor transport, communications, education, public interest, restaurant, hotel and building service, utility service, and distribution. Their General Headquarters, located in Chicago for 86 years, is now in Philadelphia.

The year 2005 does not simply mark an anniversary of an old labor union. The IWW is a living, functioning organization, with contemporary struggles and dreams of a better world. It may have experienced its heyday over 80 years ago, but it has never died. The ideals and hopes of Wobblies live on, and the famous people who make up its history, as well as the thousands of rank-and-file unknowns are not just remarkable characters; they serve as inspiration to working class people everywhere.

Our thanks to the University of Michigan Labadie Collection's curator, Julie Herrada, for the IWW history above. The text also appears in an expanded version as a brochure accompanying the archive's IWW centenary exhibit. Many of the graphics on these pages are part of the display, as well.

The exhibit runs through Nov. 26 at the Labadie in Ann Arbor. Full details are on page 55.

The Labadie IWW brochure is available without charge from Julie Herrada, Special Collections Library, 711 Hatcher Library, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1205, or, write jherrada@umich.edu with requests.





Wobbly without Work?

Continued from Page 25

even pleasure from meaningful activity that others may call work, but as long as these pursuits are contaminated by wages and mediated by bosses, they cannot be redeemed.

The spiritual path of "right livelihood" is not about learning to meditate and chant while you punch the clock as some writers on the topic seem to imply; the path to enlightenment is laden with opportunities for revolutionary direct action or it is nothing more than the same highway to hell this petrified civilization has been on for a long time.

At its evocative end, the Preamble is really about building the new world now. But if we are creating our new reality amid the ruins of this rotten system, the old world still multiplies its own tyranny, preventing the liberation of the imagination. And to some, the new world is the narrow world-view of self-appointed revolutionary leaders.

Others invoke a new world that looks like some ridiculously detailed syndicalist blueprint or an Edward Bellamy-esque white-bread utopia. But it also could look like dynamic and diverse Bolos blooming on the banks of a whisky river, in the valley beneath the cliffs of the Big Rock Candy Mountain. It can be what we make it, infused with the magical and marvelous.

Now, 16 years after the formal fall of state-communism as an imperial system, the possibility of lots of little autonomist socialisms seems real again. If anything, it has become easier today to identify capitalism's industrial economy itself as the enemy—with the state as the steering committee and warmakers as the police force.

The generalist poetry of the Preamble prevents us from using it like scripture and bullying others with a correct interpretation. It's a zealous dose of working class hope in some often hopeless times. And, its core vision, no matter how unrealized, is cause for visionary reflection and further Wobbly dreams.

Every one of the cleaning women
Dreamt of something else
When she was seventeen.

They smile, they joke, they sigh,
In their smocks and comfy shoes—
They try not to recall the plans
For a miracle or a marriage. . .

Of the schemes that each of them made
With their young man
In the marriage bed,
Of a house in the fields,
Or a store in the city. . .

Now they are widowed or worn,
The man drunk, or dead, or departed,
Or unable to make ends meet.

Every one of the cleaning women
Hoped that the prince would come
And rescue her from the pail and the
wringer.

The fairy tale promised
That the girl who sat by the cinders
Was to be clothed in splendor
And inherit the kingdom. . .
Slowly the dream wore down.

When I was eighteen and worked
In the laundry counting
The dirty wash, I dreamed
That the prince would come.
And he came. And that my talent and ardor
Would rescue me from listing:
Five napkins—eight pieces underwear—
Rescue, and lead to a privileged life.

And I was the fortunate one,
Leading a privileged life—rescued
From smock and broom, and now my friends
Ask me why I'm so sad
When I see the cleaning women
Laughing as if it were nothing.

"You and your Jewish guilt. . ."
"But somebody has to do it. . ."

But every one of the cleaning women
Dreamed that it wouldn't be she.

EVERY ONE OF THE CLEANING WOMEN

by Judith Malina

from *Love & Politics: Poems*
by Judith Malina

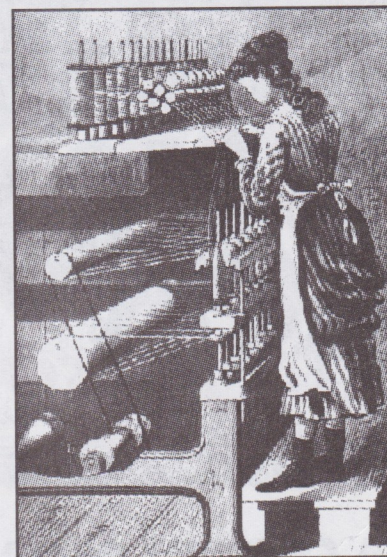
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See p. 55 for address





WOBBLIES & MUSIC



—Eric Drooker

A CENTURY OF RADICAL SONG The IWW's Singing Labor Movement at 100

*Is there ought we have in common with the greedy parasite,
Who would lash us into serfdom and crush us with his might?
Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?
The Union makes us strong!*

—“Solidarity Forever”

By John Pietaro

Looking back on the first century of the Industrial Workers of the World, the singing labor movement which brought us the Musician-Organizer, one can delve into its wealth of song to understand the urgency of its mission to create One Big Union that would replace wage labor and the state.

The Wobblies conceived of a world of independent workers' councils; a belief that was one part anarchy and two parts syndicalism, but always embracing the power of song. They

came to understand the strength of music as a means of expression, release and cohesion.

With little attention placed on standard administrative duties, IWW organizers focused first on traditional workers' songs and then began writing their own. Wobbly songwriters were an integral part of organizing this union of the repressed and forgotten because music *imprinted the cause* on the hearts of members. IWW musicians offered songs that were mournful or proud, acerbic or sentimental.

They wrote ballads, marches, waltzes and up-tempo driving numbers that inspired solidarity as no pamphlet could. And in the folk tradition, they often wrote original, topical lyrics to popular songs of the day. By 1909 they introduced the first of many *Little Red Songbooks* so that all of its members might join in on the battle cry. “Sing and Fight!” became a dominant Wobbly slogan.

Even in its infancy, the IWW faced formidable challenges. As early as 1906, when Wobbly orators spoke atop soap-boxes

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Drinking Joe Hill's Ashes



Note: FE staffer, Walker Lane, interviewed Billy Bragg, the English singer/songwriter, when he played a 1998 Labor Day benefit for striking Detroit newspaper workers.

Lane: Rumor has it you once drank a glass of beer containing the ashes of the famous Wobbly songwriter, Joe Hill.

Bragg: It's true, actually. Joe Hill was executed by the state of Utah in 1915 after a frame-up trial. When he died, he was cremated, and they had asked him where he wanted to be buried. He answered, "Anywhere but

in Utah," where he had been executed by a firing squad. So, what the Wobblies decided to do was to send his ashes to every union branch in the United States. They put them in little packets and mailed them out.

In Chicago, the FBI impounded Joe's ashes in 1918 since he was still dangerous even in ash form. They stayed in some FBI storeroom in Washington, D.C. until they were discovered in the late '80s—a small packet of a couple of ounces of Joe's ashes. The government sent them back to the IWW headquarters in Chicago. The union had a debate in their paper over what to do with the ashes.

Abbie Hoffman, of all people, suggested that they should be eaten by people like myself and Michelle Shocked. He said when we die, people should eat our ashes, and so on. While I was doing a gig in Chicago, these IWW members, Jeff Ditz and Mark Kaufmann, turn up with this little white packet of stuff and say, "This is Joe Hill's ashes and we want you to eat them."

It was a little bit distasteful, but it was only a tiny bit, not like a handful, just a tiny fragment, and I washed it down with some union beer.

Above: Glug; down go Joe Hill's Ashes.

—Ash package reproduction courtesy of the Labadie Collection;
photo: Joel Kuszai. Complete interview available at members.aol.com/dnarag/brg_frm3.htm

STRIP MINING BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN A Tuneful Utopia

by Don Lacoss

"The Big Rock Candy Mountain" has to be one of the greatest anti-work anthems in American popular music. One-time Wobbly busker and radio-show hillbilly Harry McClintock of Knoxville, Tennessee connived to claim authorship of the song in the mid-1920s (as he also did with another one of the IWW's greatest hits, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum"), but the song has existed in one form or another since the nineteenth-century. Hal Rammel, in his ambitious and imaginative study *Nowhere in America: The Big Rock Candy Mountain and Other Comic Utopias* (1990), goes further and traces the

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Danny Doll Rod of Detroit's Demolition Doll Rods. The band does an amped up modern version of "Big Rock Candy Mt." —photo DDenizen demolitiondollarods.com



"They hung the jerk that invented work"

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

(traditional; attributed to H. McClintock)

One evening as the sun went down and the jungle fire
was burnin'
Down the track came a hobo hiking and he said "Boys,
I'm not turning,'
I'm headin' for a land that's far away, beside the crystal
fountains
So come with me we'll go and see the Big Rock Candy
Mountain."

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain, there's a land that's fair
and bright
Where the handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out
every night
Where the boxcars are all empty and the sun shines
every day
On the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees
Where the lemonade springs, where the bluebird sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain, all the cops have
wooden legs
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay
soft boiled eggs
The farmer's trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of
hay
Oh, I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain, you never change your
socks
And the little streams of alcohol come a-trickling down
the rocks
The brakemen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls
are blind
There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too
You can paddle all around 'em in a big canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain, the jails are made of tin
And you can walk right out again as soon as you are in
There ain't no short-handled shovels, no axes, saws or
picks
I'm a-goin to stay where you sleep all day
Where they hung the jerk that invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

So I'll see you all this comin' Fall in the Big Rock Candy
Mountain.

Big Rock Candy Mountain

Continued from Previous Page

song's genealogy back to old European folk practices like the carnival and mummers' plays. The song is a scruffy paean to the most potent weapon of the weak: the utopian imagination that can supersede the grim miseries of oppression, exploitation and want.

In the decades between the Gilded Age ascendancy of monopoly capitalism and the awful carnage of the First World War, the work force in the US was battered by waves of convulsive social change. The overt and unapologetic corporate sponsorship of the Roosevelt and Taft administrations, as well as the frenzied aftershocks of the economic panic of 1907, led to conditions that cruelly disrupted the lives of working people, the poor, and new immigrants.

Wages plummeted as the unemployment rate peaked at more than 35%, forcing many to crisscross the US to find jobs doing seasonal crop harvesting, sawing timber, and building roads. Others sought communities with more generous relief services, or were simply roaming to find a means of escape from capitalism's latest indignities and predations.

To avoid the high costs of transportation, many itinerant laborers and unemployed wanderers (up to half a million people, by some counts) traveled the land by sneaking aboard freight trains. En route, these travelers sometimes gathered in hidden groves around small campfires in the woods outside of town near a main junction of a railroad line.

It was there that they could cook food, pass the jug, catch up on sleep, swap news, hide from the police, and wait for the next train to hop. It was also here in these hobo jungles that "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" was performed and applauded, as the tune obviously spoke to some of the wildest desires of between-jobs bindle stiffs and tramps.

Set to a rather chipper Appalachian-Ozark folk tune, the humorous imagery of the song's lyrics spells out the fantastic aspirations of those dispossessed people living on society's hard, lean, and hazardous margins. The mood is undisciplined: to hell with another day of exhausting day labor in some orchard or hay field! To hell with another day of hunger, panhandling and police beatings—I'm out of here! Like the late-medieval peasant visions of the world turned upside down or the most grandiose bling-bling rap boasting of today, the Big Rock Candy Mountain describes a paradise where an economically oppressed social group lives free from the ugly realities of existence and where the hierarchies of authority are overthrown and dismantled. This is a new world where the mechanisms of material scarcity upon which capitalist profit-making derives its power are made obsolete by limit-



less amounts of pleasant weather, easy abundance, and restful relaxation.

As a result of the stock market crash of 1929 and the blizzards, floods, droughts and dust storms of the early 1930s, many more people in the US found themselves as down and out as the migrant workers were in the previous decades. During the Great Depression, "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" became a popular song, moving from the boxcars and jungle campfires to unemployment lines, skid rows, soup kitchens, and flophouses.

As before, the song summed up the sadness and desperation of intense poverty and social dislocation, but inverted it as a crazy hope built on a snarling laugh of defiance and rebellious thoughts. In 2000, the song's place in Depression-era popular culture was recalled in the Coen brothers' film, "O Brother, Where Art Thou?," a clever, confusing remix of Homer's *The Odyssey* centered around the on-the-road

plucking. Populating this lardy Land of Oz are high-kicking uniformed professional sports cheerleaders, men's magazine centerfold models, and other scantily-clad, biologically-augmented objects of heterosexual male desire, all of whom cheerfully toil in porno-aesthetic slow-mo in plantation fields of french fries.

Music for their rump-shaking lap-dance moves is provided by a guitar-strumming African-American man dressed in a rhinestone-spangled velour cowboy costume (in real life, a washed-up singer for one of the more insipid mainstream pop-rock bands of the mid-1990s). The commercial has been triumphantly described by the ad agency's executive producer as "an ideal dreamscape" for the targeted demographic of 18 to 34 year-old men, and it was awarded the distinction of being the "Best Spot of the Month" by the leading industry trade publication, *Adweek*.

Now, on the grand scale of the capitalist order's ferocious crimes against humanity, the pathetic co-option of a great utopian (anti-) worksong is a minor infraction—the environmental, labor, health, and animal treatment crimes committed every day by the scorched-earth policies of these fast-food multinationals alone are brutalities of a far greater magnitude.

Furthermore, it's really no news when an artifact of an oppositional subculture has been monstrously assimilated and sold back as a product readymade for consumption. But I see "Fantasy Ranch" as a very literal example of the strenuous efforts made to commodify our fantasy lives. Not satisfied with controlling raw material, labor, and the means of production

The goal is to sell us something we neither want or need by convincing us to conform our most intimate daydreams of refusal, rebellion and escape to more easily manipulated units of commercial exchange.

adventures of three chain-gang escapees in rural Mississippi in 1937. The popular motion-picture soundtrack, in fact, features a Harry McClintock recording of the song.

An appalling incarnation of "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" appeared in a television commercial that ran for a few weeks starting in mid-February as we were planning for the "Wobblies and Work" issue of *Fifth Estate*. The advertisement—called "Fantasy Ranch" by the production team responsible for it—was for a new sandwich that was being built on the assembly lines of a giant fast-food corporation whose mascot is a crown-wearing monarch. The ad presented a sunny, rustic faux farm out West where slaughterhouse scraps heavily hang from the boughs of trees within reach for easy

and distribution, capitalists also want access to our private thoughts.

The goal is to sell us something we neither want or need by convincing us to conform our most intimate daydreams of refusal, rebellion and escape to more easily manipulated units of commercial exchange. "Fantasy Ranch" is not just stealing the music and the ideas of "The Big Rock Candy Mountain," but it is also trying to derail its anti-work ethos of pleasure and plenty and the revolutionary energy of the upside-down world it presents. In so doing, the critical perspectives that are at the core of utopian thought are eclipsed by a

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IWW & The Revolt Against Work

Fifth Estate Special Section

STILL WOBBLY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

A mini-memoir by Sid Brown

I was a Wobbly in the late 1950's, through a portion of the tumultuous '60s and into the always seeking-sometimes finding, 'Seventies. Learning and honoring the historic traditions of the IWW and sharing tasks and decision-making with "fellow workers" changed my working life and continues to affect my creative endeavors.

On this 100th anniversary of organizing an anarcho-syn-
dicalist vision into One Big Union, I'm deciding to rejoin the
IWW and continue Wobblin' into my twilight years, or The
Twilight Zone, whichever state of entropic devolution occurs
first.

I joined the



Sid Brown 1942-2005

timings, and alternate tunings; most notably open "C1" when other guitarists of the time were locked into standard tuning and signatures. His complex spiral rhythms would flow from his hands during his enthralling abstract, hypnotic improvisations.

Sid was a life-long social and political activist; a proud member of the IWW and Jews for Global Justice. He always cared for the poor and disenfranchised and never compromised his commitment to help bring about a better world in any way he could.

He will be remembered for his musical contributions to groups such as The Spike Drivers, Peace Bread & Land, and Good Gaia. His sense of humor, quick wit, and ability to turn the English language inside-out with his love of puns had no equal. His big kind heart finally broke down. He was a remarkable person, brilliant and quirky. His family and friends will all miss him terribly.

—Malcolm John Brown

IWW for the first time because of the music: those time-
less tunes that sung and stung, promising "*to fan the flames of
discontent.*" Such a provocative and pragmatic idea! Take com-
mon songs, even religious hymns, and rewrite the words in
order to inspire, educate and entertain workers. The Wobblies
used popular melodies imbued with new, liberatory lyrics to
recruit union members and foment revolution.

Maybe Mao's *Red Book* had more devotees, but, *The Little
Red Song Book* of IWW songs definitely had more transfor-
mative wisdom, wily wit, exciting incitements and parodic
popularity. I've lived to see those Wobbly tunes outlast Mao's
formulaic fantasies and repressive realities of "cultural revolu-
tion" imposed from the top. I believe that those accessible
and still mostly topical IWW tunes may be "instrumental"
in overthrowing the Nike People's Banana Republic of Sweat
Shops Glob-All.

1956: I began playing guitar on my 14th birthday. Back
then, before the folk revival of the 'Sixties, the only place to
get folk music books was at the local Communist Party book-
store in Detroit, Global Books. I bought my requisite copy of
the *People's Songbook* and dropped by there regularly to peruse
Sing Out magazine, Marxist classics and Commie literature.

Sid Brown passed away June 27 in Vancouver,
Washington at the age of 62.

Sid grew up in Detroit, the son of a Ukranian
Jewish immigrant family, in a home where the
sounds of opera and classical music were always
present. Sid had his own musical ideas and
became a multi-instrumentalist, mastering six
and twelve string guitar, electric guitar, bass,
banjo, mandolin, bouzouki, sarode, and oud.

His banjo playing greatly influenced his finger
picking style, as did his love of Indian classical
and world ethnic music.

He was a pioneer of alternate rhythms, experimental

—photo: Faye Powell



I also bought a copy of *Labor's Untold Story* which devoted a lot of attention to Bill Haywood, the formation of the IWW, its organizing efforts, its use of mass civil disobedience during the free speech fights, and the IWW's revolutionary notions of industrial unionism leading to the creation of a truly democratic syndicalist society. Reading about Elizabeth Gurley Flynn (then a prominent member of the CP-USA) led me to Joe Hill's song about her when she was a Wob, "The Rebel Girl."

I dialed 411 (information in those days) and got the address of the IWW national headquarters. I wrote them and they sent me free copies of the *Industrial Worker* newspaper and a list of literature. For three bucks I received the "Little Red Songbook" and sheet music for "The Internationale" and "The Rebel Girl" published pre-1920, which I still have. I clutched the IWW Songbook in my blistered, yet-to-be callused, guitar-picking fingers and began to figure out all those three-chord wonders. I didn't do it on my own, for music making works/plays best as a collaborative effort.

1958: Wow! Kids, black and white kids, shut down a segregated swimming pool on the outskirts of Detroit. Throughout the Northern states communities demonstrated their solidarity in support of black students sitting-in at Southern lunch counters. With mass support from Detroit's black community, the downtown Woolworth's store was shutdown. Small victories perhaps, but we demonstrated (literally) that the quiet and apathetic 'Fifties were over! An embryonic youth culture was emerging, throngs started moving against the war-mongering, racist, corporate controlled state, and songs were sung. All over the world liberation movements erupted.

At the beginning of the 1960's, I was a precocious little putz, what with becoming a fairly adept guitar picker and picketer against segregation and for civil rights. While blue-blood JFK and his Camelotzaluck crew waged bloody terrorist war against revolutionary Cuba and sent military "advisors" to Indochina and elsewhere, we raised some hell in the streets, exuberantly and vociferously, thereby providing new photo-ops for the police Red Squad.

I started attending Friday night forums at Debs Hall, eventually joining the Socialist Workers Party (SWP) because they seemed to connect the dots, moving from protest to power. They had a Plan and I became "hot to Trot." They pooh-poohed anarchism as archaic and incapable of making a revolution, but one of my SWP comrades introduced me to an old friend of his in Chicago, who turned out to be the editor of the *Industrial Worker*.

My first Wobbly suggested I write to the Libertarian League to get literature about anarchism. Some of the pam-

Why have I decided to rejoin the IWW during this 100th anniversary year? For me it's part historical tribute and part a matter of survival.

phlets I received from them were actually printed in Barcelona by the FAI/CNT. Contrary to the Bolshi vanguard's party line, I learned that anarchist workers and farmers had made a revolution. I realized there was an alternative to Stalinoid stagnationalism: anarcho-socialist surrealism.

I visited the Labadie Collection at the University of Michigan before it was mostly cataloged. Its funky garage smell swelled my heart and provoked my mind.; boxes and piles overflowing with dreams and schemes for Revolution. This experience merged the little streams of "single-issue" struggles (racism, war, etc.) with the mighty river of radical history. I realized I was a revolutionary and I committed to being a continuator in the process of working class struggles.

For me, this was a truly awe-full, "gee whiz", moment of subversive *satori*: the collective struggles of the past illuminated a vision of revolutionary changes unfolding momentarily into the future. This was when I first started being a *Nowist*.

Making music and engaging in radical action was, then and now, change-provoking and life-affirming. When I wonder what seeds of creativity make a culture flower, I see the fertile fomentation of Revolution as a never-ending process, literally "to turn things around." For me, that's what turns bohemianism, that primitive and premature expression of personalized revolt, into a synthesis of constructive critiques of capitalism with collective action that *hopefully* undermines the commodity system.

We rejected the insipid schmaltz of pop music of the late-'50s/early '60s. Most of what was on the radio-daddy-o was not only bland, but blatantly racist: black R & B musicians made the music movin' and groovin' and Pop-white folks eviscerated its soulfulness. Their "covers" got the air play. But late at night on the car radio, we could tune-in "real" R & B broadcasting out of Memphis and the complex hyper-maniac bluegrass syncopating out of Cincinnati. This roots music, redolent of delta grooves and mountain hollers, usually with just three or four chords, demonstrated to us that untrained, unappreciated and mostly poor people could develop musical styles of unimagined and inspired complexity.

This awareness took our folkie strumming to new levels. Perhaps my fellow musicians and I committed crimes of *chutzpah*: what "right" or credibility did city kids have singing songs of sharecropping or moonshining? But Detroit's auto factories were filled with émigrés from the farms and hills of

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IWW & The Revolt Against Work
Fifth Estate Special Section

Now, It's The Green Scare!

"We should war with relentless efficiency not only against anarchists, but against all active and passive sympathizers with anarchists."

—President Theodore Roosevelt, annual address to Congress, December 3, 1901

"It is time to take a look at the culture and climate of support for criminally-based activism like ELF and ALF and do something about it.. Just like al-Qaeda or any other terrorist organization, ELF and ALF cannot accomplish their goals without money, membership and the media."

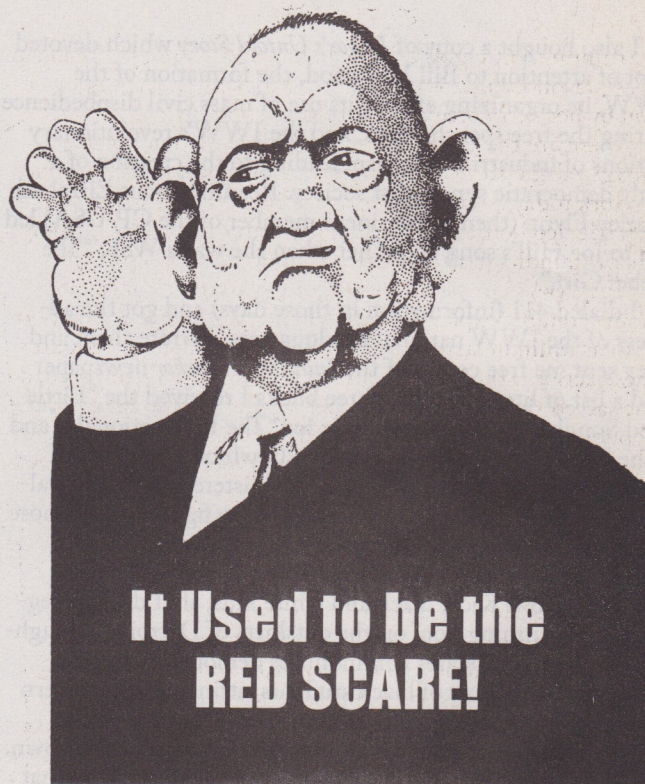
—Senator James Inhofe, US Senate Environment & Public Works Committee, May 18, 2005

by Molly Maguires

William Preston's *Aliens and Dissenters: Federal Suppression of Radicals, 1903-1933* was written forty years ago but is still quite relevant. Using a wide collection of governmental archival records and interviews, Preston pieces together a picture of how and why the Industrial Workers of the World was crushed by the US government. This campaign against the IWW (and dissent in general) provides an important historical context for some of the current attacks on the radical environmentalist movement in the US.

Preston points to things like Haymarket incident (1886), Alexander Berkman's attack on a Carnegie Steel boss during the Homestead strike (1892), the assassination of President William McKinley (1901), and the creation of the National Guard as an explicitly pro-business paramilitary arm deployed against strikers (1903).

He ties those events to the spawning of Federal legislation like the Immigration Acts of 1903 and 1920, the various Deportation Laws passed between 1917-1920, the Espionage Act of 1917, and the Sedition Act of 1918. These are further discussed in relation to the new intelligence and police powers extended to the Bureau of Immigration, the Bureau of Naturalization, the Department of Justice, the Department of Labor, the US Post Office, and the War Department for



domestic operations. What emerges is a frightening portrait of law-and-order authoritarianism that is the direct ancestor of state power in age of the USA-PATRIOT Act.

Discussions about the smashing of the IWW usually center around US Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's nationwide "Red Scare" dragnet of 1919 and 1920. The Palmer raids swept up thousands of immigrants and working-class dissidents who were arrested, usually held without a fair hearing, and either imprisoned or deported.

But Preston claims that the Red Scare of the late 1910s was just the tip of a bigger iceberg of brutal anti-immigrant, anti-democratic, and pro-capitalist sentiments that go back to the harsh economic depression of the 1870s. Preston's argument is that the persecution of the Wobblies is best understood in connection with the rise of violent right-wing political forces in the US who were anxious to define who and what was "un-American."

What happened to the Wobblies in the World War I era—the mass arrests, the kangaroo court cases, desert internment camps, the use of Federal troops against IWW organizers, deportations—was not the product of the post-war political environment in the US after 1918, but rather a set of circumstances that emerged after fifty years of racism,



anti-immigrant bigotry, xenophobia, and White nationalism. This poisonous mix was used by politicians to secure power and by bosses to break-up workforce solidarity.

These are the same “enemy within” fears that greatly energized the Ku Klux Klan in early 1900s, and it continues to work today by motivating the Minuteman vigilantes on the US/Mexico border and raising the status of rabidly Islamophobic pundits to that of celebrity public intellectuals.

The IWW’s most effective strategy to force concessions from capitalist exploiters was defiance through direct action, such as militant strikes and workplace sabotage. To counter these actions, the bosses claimed that the IWW threatened the sacred right to private property, and since so many of the Wobblies were immigrant laborers, it wasn’t difficult for fear-mongering pro-capitalists to portray Wobbly anti-property attitudes as “un-American” and alien.

Protecting human rights at the expense of property rights was represented as a seditious threat to the US by right-wing reactionaries, so it was justified to deport Wobblies to foreign territories, even if that meant stripping them of their citizenship or de-naturalizing them without due process. Similarly, damaging attacks by the Earth Liberation Front (ELF), the Animal Liberation Front (ALF), and Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty (SHAC) against private and corporate property have resulted in the FBI and the US Congress to regard these groups as “the nation’s top domestic terrorism threat”—in other words, the new enemies within.

This goes a long way in explaining why a six-year plan for the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) does not list right-wing domestic terrorism as a threat; instead it intends to focus primarily on foreign organizations affiliated with radical Islamist groups following the lead of al-Qaeda and domestic environmentalist organizations. (Incidentally, the biggest raid successfully accomplished by the DHS in the last six months was a case involving DVD bootlegging—copyrighted property is covered as a national security concern by the USA-PATRIOT Act.) In late May, the FBI’s deputy assistant director for counter-terrorism told the US Senate Committee on Environment and Public Works that—despite never have taken a human life in their actions of the last thirty years in twenty countries—these “eco-extremists” pose a greater threat to public safety and domestic tranquility than the murderous psychopaths involved with the KKK, armed white Christian separatist militias, and women’s health-clinic bombers.

“Investigating and preventing animal advocacy extremism and eco-terrorism is one of the FBI’s highest domestic terrorism priorities,” the deputy assistant director intoned

soberly. “We are committed to working with our partners to detect, disrupt, and dismantle these movements, and to bring to justice those who commit crime in the name of animal or environmental rights.” Referring to a mass murder terrorist plot by white supremacists in east Texas that was exposed in 2003, philosopher Steven Best, an ALF press officer who has been subpoenaed to appear before the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee to testify about ecoterrorism, made this point: “Given the priorities of the corporate-state complex, for which property is sacred and life is profane, it is a greater terrorist offense to possess bolt cutters than to stockpile weapons of mass destruction such as anthrax, sodium cyanide bombs, machine guns, several hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, and remote-control explosive devices.”

According to the FBI, there are nearly 200 open cases currently under investigation involving disruptions of business-as-usual at pharmaceutical and biotechnology corporations, SUV dealerships, university medical research labs, fur farms, dog-food factories, logging sites, and upscale housing developments.

And it is precisely because of their effectiveness in causing financial loss through property destruction, that these environmental and animal rights organizations are presently the target of police scrutiny and new, harsher state and Federal laws, just as the Wobblies were for their acts of work stoppage and point-of-production sabotage. As with the war on the Wobblies 80 years ago, State and Federal legislators today are working closely with Big Business to craft new terminology and to create webs of new laws to ensnare environmental and animal advocates. Using these police powers, the authorities can also go after those who donate money to environmental “front” organizations (according to some in Congress, Greenpeace and the Humane Society are really just fronts for the ELF and ALF), website service providers, and bookstores that sell their publications.

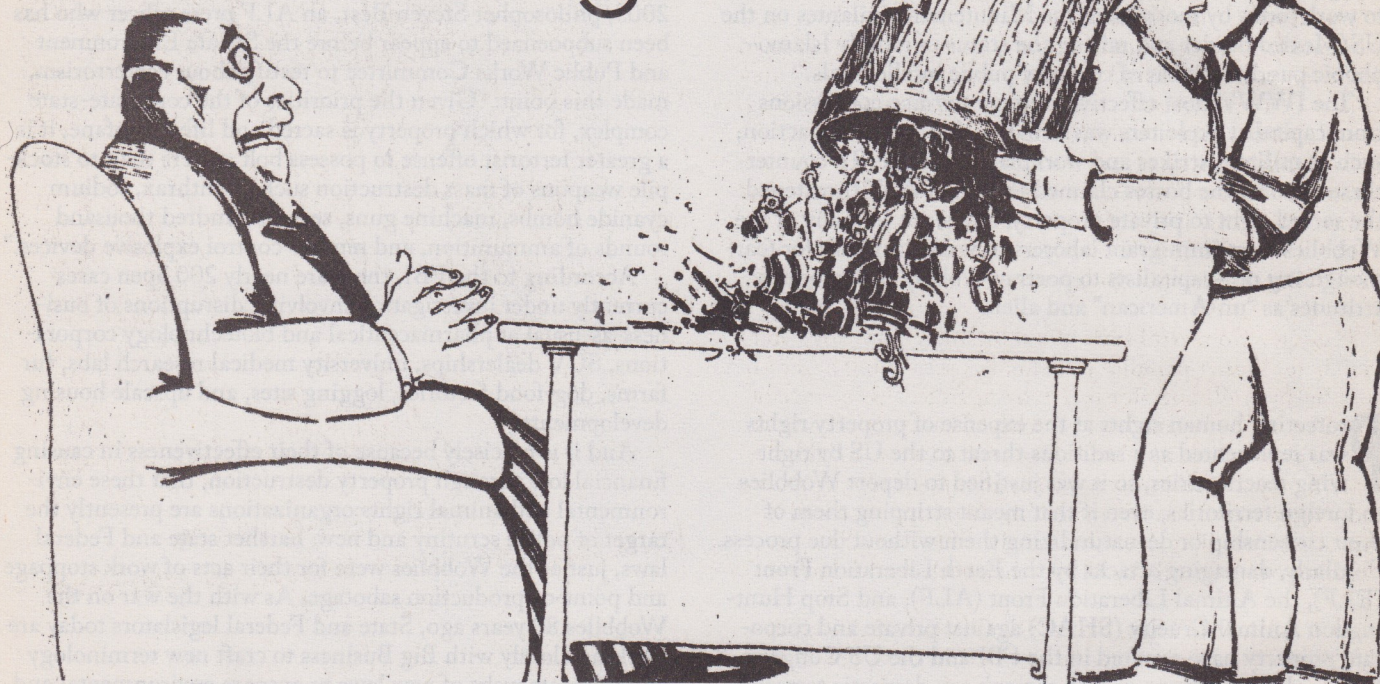
One coalition of lawmakers has been promoting laws to create the concept of “ecoterrorism” for the last two years in California, Texas, Arizona, Pennsylvania, New York, Missouri, and Ohio. One recent example of this is the case of Peter Young, whose trial begins in September—Young was charged with “animal enterprise terrorism,” a crime created by lawmakers in 1992. Young now faces up to 82 years in a federal prison for trespassing and vandalizing fur farms in Wisconsin. Six SHAC activists in New Jersey have been charged with “animal enterprise terrorism” for their campaign against the contract animal testing laboratory Huntingdon Life Sciences—each face up to 24 years in jail.

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IWW & The Revolt Against Work
Fifth Estate Special Section

Looking for Work and Finding It!



THE JOB HUNT

by Alan Franklin

He called me a peculiar, bungling misfit, and right away I knew things weren't going to work out quite as well as I'd hoped. Oh, sure, I'd filled out the form all right, even signed my name at the bottom as best I could remember it, but I could see from the disposition of his ears that expressing an appreciation of my efforts was not at the top of his to-do list.

He said I was a classic case, that I only wanted to do what I wanted to do, when I wanted to do it. "You say that like it's something bad," I replied. He told me to leave my name and phone number with the secretary on my way out, in case he changed his mind.

At the dispensary, the story was pretty much the same except for the details, which I won't bore you with right now, except to say that if that's what they call enjoying yourself they can keep my share and give it to somebody else.

Still, I didn't give up. I clipped my wings and throttled my baser instincts, and learned to touch my fetlock to my petcock only when other people weren't around. Or, at least not looking. I gave up a lifelong habit of picking my nose when cor-

nered, and ceased extolling the superiority of the heterodox.

I acquired an English accent and a pair of tight trousers, grew my hair to unimaginable lengths, and let it be known that, where work was concerned, there was little I wouldn't do for a crust of dry bread and a cup of brackish water. Still, they saw right through me.

"But what are your qualifications?" they insisted, as if everyone knew automatically what the word meant. "What are my qualifications?!" I said, "What are anybody's qualifications?!"

How people have the nerve to claim competence in any endeavor more complicated than eat, drink, shit, piss, I have no idea. Just the thought of mastery makes me nervous, and if I'm ever lucky enough to do something well accidentally, the widespread expectation that I should be able to repeat the achievement on demand fills me with a paralyzing anxiety."

When, finally, I admitted that ineptitude seemed to be the only thing I was really good at, they told me that all the upper-level management positions were currently filled, thank you—by them—and that if I knew what was good for me, I would leave quickly and not show my face around there again.



LOOKING FOR WORK

by Primitivo Solis

Fifth Estate, September 1977

Register, pound the pavement, *experienced only*. Well, I'm a radical, write manifestos, hate schedules, live for love, make the same foolish mistakes over and over again, have my head in the clouds, have a good rap and little else, am all talk and no action, a loser (though not born one), a dreamer, kidding myself, out of money, and I'M WILLING TO WORK. I've got no skills to speak of, am not "mechanically inclined," nor "good with figures," nor an "ambitious go-getter." But I need money. PLEASE ENSLAVE ME, MISTER, GIVE ME A JOB; GIVE IT TO ME GOOD. I'LL BE THE PERFECT ANDROID. (The only thing worse than working is looking for work.)

Having a wonderful time in Sublimation City; wish you were here. Wasn't paradise just simply a screaming bore? Give me a boring-mill operator position any time. (No chance of that, I've no "tool room" nor "precision" background, nor do I have my own "set-ups," and since only a "top man" need apply, I may as well just stay home, go into a deep depression and wither away.) I'm the incredibly shrinking man and I'm shrinking incredibly down here at the Blue Funk Bar. I'm pinching myself until I'm blue in the cheeks and I don't wake up.

PLEASE, MISTER, PLEASE, GIVE ME A FUCK-ING JOB. I want a job more than anything. I've got all this labor power just creaming to be alienated, all this time and energy just dying to be used up. Give a veteran a break; I couldn't make it in the movies.

RETURN/ A NEW CYCLE BEGINS

by Richard Mires

I woke up Tuesday morning, turned off the alarm, and went back to sleep. The alarm was set a solid two and a half hours before I needed to be up, so it was no big deal.

Next time I woke up, it was exactly time for me to be at work to start my shift. I was supposed to work from noon-4pm.

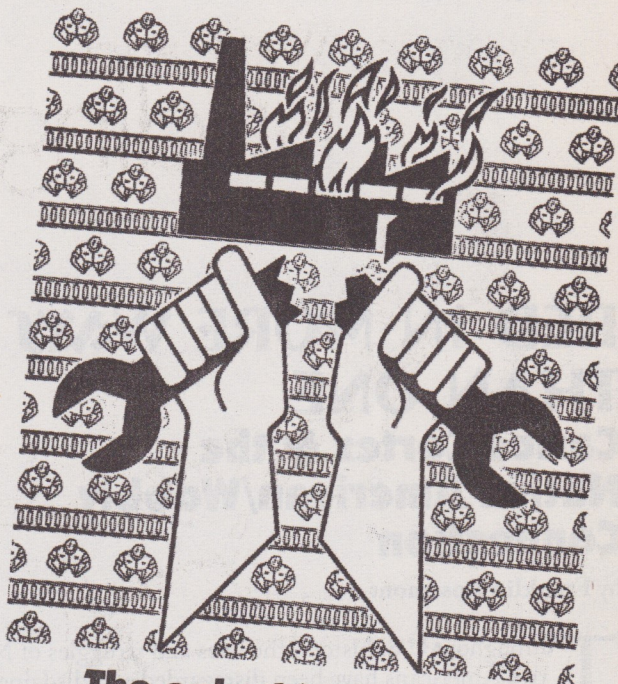
So, I thought about this.

I thought about going to work, and whether or not I wanted to. It was kinda zen.

I thought about it for an hour and a half, or so. First there was the realization it was noon, and even if I didn't bathe, it would take close to 30 minutes to get there. I was clearly not in any kind of hurry, so 20 minutes to bike there, at least, instead of the usual 15.

Then, once I got there, what would the mood be like?

The answer was another question: "What was the mood



The only thing more humiliating than work, is looking for work

like even when you've been regularly on time?"

Despite the obviously apparent solution, I couldn't make up my mind how I wanted to handle the situation. I went superstitious—as I am wont to do in cases of inexcusable indecision and spent another 30 or 45 minutes checking astrological charts and throwing I Ching.

Indeed, the entire universe seemed to agree that it was in my best interest to. . . oh, how did the I Ching put it? . . . walk away and don't look back.

So, I followed what I was feeling when I woke up at exactly noon, and decided not to go in, ever again.

I intended to drop by before the boss left to let her know I wouldn't be back, but somehow, between listening to the birds sing, watching the bees collect pollen, noticing how nicely the white puffy clouds contrasted with the blue sky and green trees, observing how prolific with blossoms the pansies and johnny-jump-ups had become since I had added some phosphorous to their water, feeling the cool spring breeze as it moved through the leaves on an absolutely gorgeous day of sunshine, and playing some guitar, well, let's just say, time kinda slipped away.

I gotta go back and drop off these work uniforms. Friday, there's a paycheck. If I wait till then, I can take care of it all at once.



IWW & The Revolt Against Work
Fifth Estate Special Section

RED IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE

Carlos Cortez & the Native American/Wobbly Connection

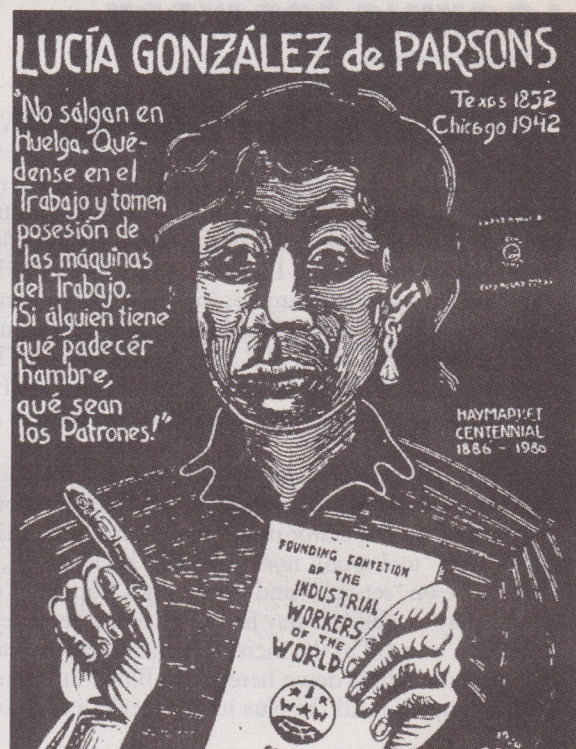
by Franklin Rosemont

Throughout U.S. history, the lives and struggles of Native Americans have been disregarded and disdained by the white, middle-class, christian, capitalist, Nature-despising national Establishment. Sadly, the disregarders and disdainers also included the great majority of socialists, communists, anarchists, trade-unionists and others who considered themselves critics and opponents of that Establishment.

The IWW was the great exception. From the start, the One Big Union welcomed Native Americans, as they welcomed all people of color, and denounced their exploitation and persecution by Capital and the State. Here as elsewhere the Wobblies were inspired by their Abolitionist forebears (Wendell Phillips and Lydia Maria Child advocated especially radical views on what was then called the "Indian Question") as well as the "Chicago Idea" anarchism of the 1880s (August Spies had lived with the Chippewas in Canada, and Albert Parsons and his wife Lucy, herself of Native American descent, were forceful agitators against U.S. government "anti-Indian" policies).

The early IWW press refers often to Native Americans, always in a spirit of revolutionary solidarity. Big Bill Haywood and Ralph Chaplin were prominent Wobs who proclaimed their admiration for the myths and lore and ways of life of those pioneer anarcho-communists, the indigenous Americans.

Historians regularly overlook them, but Native Americans made IWW history: Lucy Parsons, Frank Little, William Stanley, Frank Ellis and Lone Wolf are just a few. Along with Joe Hill, Sam Murray and others, Native American Wobs were active in the Mexican Revolution, fighting alongside the



—Carlos Cortez

Magonistas for "Land and Liberty." Later, large numbers of Native American farmers rallied to such IWW-influenced organizations as the Working Class Union, the Oklahoma Renters' League and the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. Jack Sheridan, Fred Thompson, Carl Keller and other old-timers I met at the Chicago IWW hall in the 1960s more than once pointed out to me that whatever we enjoyed of democracy in this country we owed to the Iroquois rather than to Europeans.

Solidarity with Native Americans, and support for their struggles, was part of our education as young Wobblies. At a time when the Old and New Left couldn't have cared less, we published—in the seventh issue of the Chicago IWW Branch magazine, *The Rebel Worker*—a stirring "Appeal to All" by a Native American defense group, the Survival of American Indians Association, based in the northwest. The statement concluded with the IWW watchword: "An Injury to One Is an Injury to All!"

From the 1970s on, the many and profound Native American/Wobbly affinities were defended and illustrated above all by one remarkable fellow worker: Carlos Cortez, who died



last January at the age of 81. In his poetry and art, his *Industrial Worker* column and book reviews, his many interviews and appearances as public speaker—at elementary schools, high schools and universities as well as at May Day events and free-speech venues such as Bughouse Square and Slim Brundage's College of Complexes—Fellow Worker Cortez again and again, in striking, colorful and infinitely varied ways, drove home the crucial point that all of us have “something to learn” from Native American culture, “a culture that had no jails, insane asylums, or power-mad rulers.”

As editor of the *Industrial Worker*, he explained more fully that he had written extensively about the Native American, partly because “[I am] a little ‘Red’ in more ways than one, and mainly out of the general idea of just plain human justice. . . . We Wobblies have more than just a bleeding-heart interest in the Original American, since the tribal collective society they practiced, and still do wherever the Great White Mutha doesn’t interfere too much, is the same thing we want to see applied to modern industrial society.”

Fellow Worker Cortez was certainly the right man for the job. With Utah Phillips, he was far and away the most influential Wobbly of the past quarter century.

As the son of Mexican-Indian Wobbly organizer Alfredo Cortez, Carlos's self-identification as Native American and rebel started early. When grade-school classmates mocked him as a Mexican, “like it was a dirty word,” his mother—a German socialist-pacifist poet—urged him to be proud of his ancestry. “Don’t let the children at school call you a foreigner,” she said, “because through your father you are Indian and that makes you more American than any of them.”

Immediately the youngster embraced his Mexican/Native American heritage, which he cherished the rest of his life. Interestingly, joining the IWW strengthened his “Indianness,” just as his self-awareness as Indian deepened his commitment to the Wobbly vision of worldwide workingclass self-emancipation. For Carlos Cortez, these two aspects of his identity were fundamentally one, and nourished each other. He took his main pen-name, C.C. Redcloud, from the famed Oglala Sioux resister of white settler invasion. His other pseudonyms, Nuberoja and Punapilva, were Spanish and Finnish translations of Redcloud.

In the 1970s, with the rise of the American Indian Movement, *Akwesasne Notes* and other Native American periodicals, and films such as *Little Big Man*, a younger generation of radicals found Carlos Cortez an able and appealing mentor. As a soapbox poet, he had the knack of making strong points with high humor. Native Americans, he liked to explain, were “practicing ecology and the classless society for thousands of



From left: Paul Avrich, historian of 20th century anarchism, Federico Arcos, veteran of the anarchist militias in the Spanish Revolution, and Carlos Cortez, May 3, 1998, in Chicago at the site of the original 1886 Haymarket rally that ended with a bomb being thrown at police.

The three are standing in front of a plaque commemorating the event which has been reconfigured by city officials as a “tragedy,” in which the lives of both workers and cops were lost rather than the class warfare it was. (photo Julie Herrada)

years before our ‘civilizers’ even had words for these things!” His last poster was a powerful linocut portrait of one of his heroes: Native American Wobbly organizer Frank Little.

Cortez regarded poetry as the highest art, and rebel poets as different as Ana Castillo, Diane di Prima and Dennis Brutus regarded him highly. Joseph Jablonski saluted him as “a pure embodiment of the Wobbly spirit” and an artist “defined by a total loyalty to fellow worker and fellow creature.” For Ojibwa poet E. Donald Two-Rivers, Carlos's words “illustrate that we live in a world of possibilities.”

The Quahada Comanche poet/artist Lonnie Poco, Carlos's longtime close friend (and author of *Beside the Wichita*), Fellow Worker Cortez was that all too rare phenomenon: “a man aware of his mission in life.”



IWW & The Revolt Against Work

Fifth Estate Special Section

A mini-memoir IWW by Sid Brown

Continued from 33

the South. These workers, who sought decent pay and some dignity through union membership, were the parents of the kids I went to school with. They were sometimes our friends, but always our neighbors, and why shouldn't we honor diversity and add our riffs and licks to the stew brewing in our multicultural melting pot?

There was a world of music in Detroit in those days: I grew up with WJLB playing in the kitchen while my mother cooked *knishes* and *kishkas* after a day spent production sewing in a factory. WJLB was a 24/7 "ethnic" station where each night you'd hear the Greek, Arabic, Polish, Ukrainian, and Yiddish "Hours." Afternoons, we heard Frantic Ernie's R & B show and on Sundays, black gospel music. This omni-present matrix of diverse scales and rhythms affected the music we began playing.

Several wanna-be-Beatnik coffeehouses opened up in town during the late '50s and we did regular jams, including one mind-blowing and ear-revelating session with jazz saxophonist Yusef Lateef. A bongo-banging poet referred to us as the "Trotsky Trio," though we billed ourselves as "The Motor City String Banned." In dark, dingy and depraved dens such as the Unstabled, we alternated sets with an improv ensemble which included Lily Tomlin. We few folkies *schlepping* a fretful array of perhaps 20 guitars, banjos, mandolins, washboards and washtub bass plucked 20-minute blues, bluegrass and Greco-Middle-Eastern improvisational *mélanges*.

Honoring the past's rich folk traditions and creating "newness and now-ness" through improvisation was energizing and empowering. In 1965, these musical experiments lead to several of us forming The Spike-Drivers, a folk rock/psychedelic band that went on to semi-fame and (mis)fortune.

Despite the group's eventual demise (at the hands of the \$howbiz money machine, that we naively colluded with), what is most significant is that we did DIY in a uniquely 'Sixties old school way by producing our own record at Chess Studios in Chicago. What we *should* have learned from this experience of collectively controlling the creative process, was that the record *we* produced was better than anything we ever did for Warner Brothers/Reprise after we got our "big break" recording contract.

After the dissolution of The Spike-Drivers, my wife and I moved to Berkeley, where we lived two blocks from People's Park. I wrote the "Karmic Strip" column in the *Tribe* and



The Spikedrivers; 1966; Dick Keelan, Ted Lucas, Richard Cruse, Marycarol and Sid Brown. —photo Fe file

made friends with an anarchist who had a print shop in his basement, literally an "underground press." One of my first "Duh Moments" came when I realized that there was no freedom of the press without a printing press.

After moving to Seattle from Berkeley, I hooked up with another anarchist printer, whose press was located in the pre-tourista funk of Pike Street Market. We joined the IWW, making us the second IWW print shop in town. We "revolutionized" the old IWW union bug: instead of two men shaking hands, our version featured a man and woman, reflecting the resurgence of feminist consciousness.

We put the IWW union "bug" on a newsletter that we printed for a hospital workers' organizing drive and also "bugged" many leaflets protesting the Vietnam war. An IWW logo was on all our gig flyers and when we performed, our repertoire included Joe Hill's "The Preacher and the Slave: Pie in the Sky," and a blues-rock version of "The Internationale."

Why have I decided to rejoin the IWW during this 100th anniversary year? For me it's part historical tribute and part a matter of survival for me and others. At 62 years of age, unemployed and partially disabled, I still need to work. Heart, soul and body, I am IWW: *I Want Work!*

Despite being highly qualified and experienced, ageism (as well as other "isms" and "wasms") is prevalent in the job market. The so-called social service safety net is seriously frayed and I'm afraid. As the situation in the job market worsens for me and other "expendable" folks in the working class, a union that represents all workers is vital.

I respect the fact that the IWW has kept the flame of revolutionary consciousness alive. In many ways. This revolutionary union is as relevant today as it was in the past. In the 1930s, the emerging CIO adopted and adapted the IWW's radical idea of industrial unionism. The CIO grew in mem-

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Now, in the time of the greatest technical power, is starvation an institution. Reverse another venerable formula: the amount of hunger increases relatively and absolutely with the evolution of culture.

The Original Affluent Society

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of agriculture, people had to work harder.

There is nothing either to the convention that hunters and gatherers can enjoy little leisure from tasks of sheer survival. By this, the evolutionary inadequacies of the Paleolithic are customarily explained, while for the provision of leisure the Neolithic is roundly congratulated. But the traditional formulas might be truer if reversed: the amount of work (per capita) increases with the evolution of culture, and the amount of leisure decreases. Hunters' subsistence labors are characteristically intermittent, a day on and a day off, and modern hunters at least tend to employ their time off in such activities as daytime sleep.

In the tropical habitats occupied by many of these existing hunters, plant collection is more reliable than hunting itself. Therefore, the women, who do the collecting, work rather more regularly than the men, and provide the greater part of the food supply. Man's work is often done. On the other hand, it is likely to be highly erratic, unpredictably required; if men lack leisure, it is then in the Enlightenment sense rather than the literal. When Condorcet attributed the hunter's unprogressive condition to want of "the leisure in which he can indulge in thought and enrich his understanding with new combinations of ideas," he also recognized that the economy was a "necessary cycle of extreme activity and

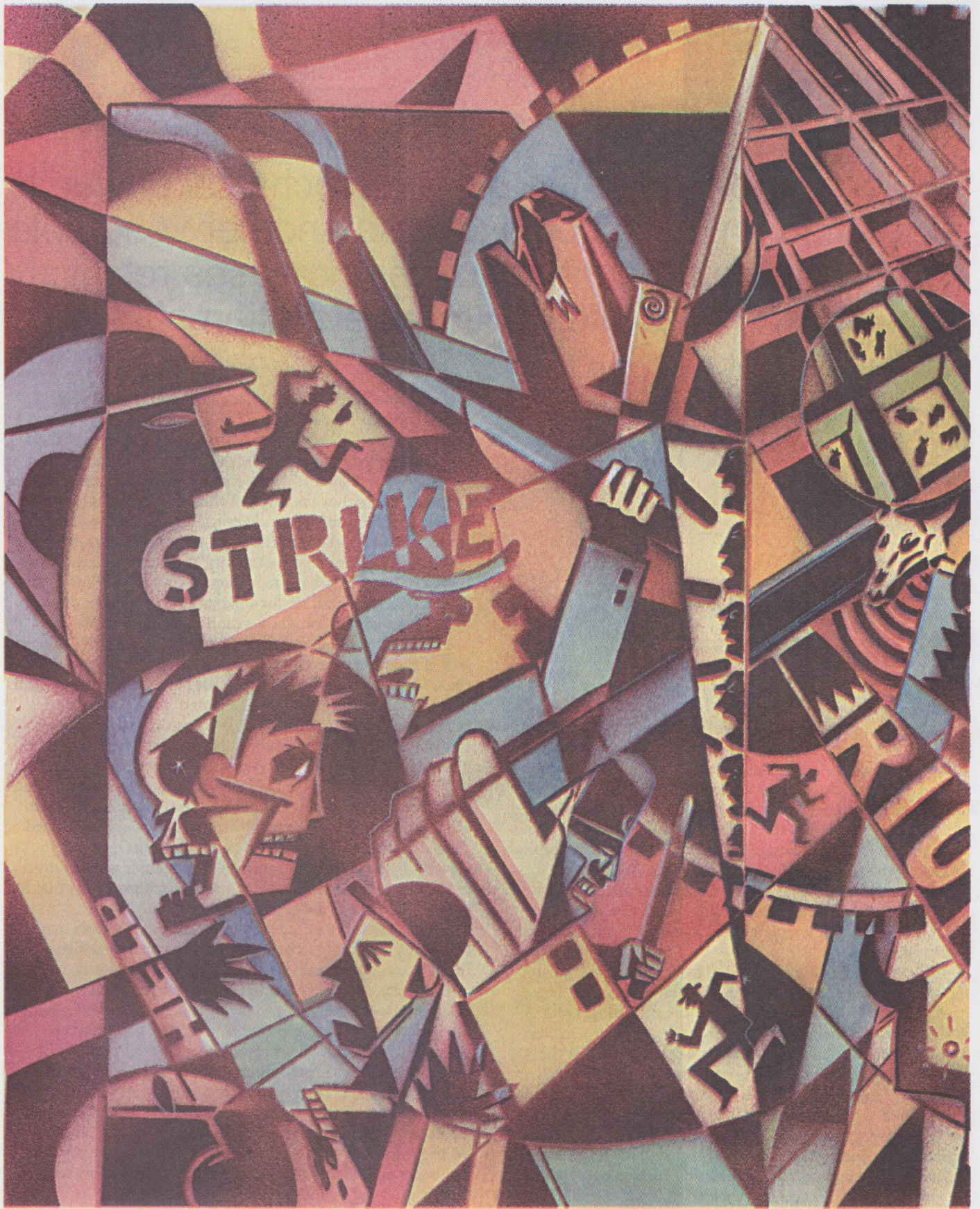
total idleness." Apparently what the hunter needed was the *assured* leisure of an aristocratic *philosophe*.

Hunters and gatherers maintain a sanguine view of their economic state despite the hardships they sometimes know. It may be that they sometimes know hardships because of the sanguine views they maintain of their economic state. Perhaps their confidence only encourages prodigality to the extent the camp falls casualty to the first untoward circumstance. In alleging this is an affluent economy, therefore, I do not deny that certain hunters have moments of difficulty. Some do find it "almost inconceivable" for a man to die of hunger, or even to fail to satisfy his hunger for more than a day or two.

Above all, what about the world today? One-third to one-half of humanity are said to go to bed hungry every night. In the Old Stone Age the fraction must have been much smaller. *This* is the era of hunger unprecedented. Now, in the time of the greatest technical power, is starvation an institution. Reverse another venerable formula: the amount of hunger increases relatively and absolutely with the evolution of culture.

[T]he "original" affluent society will have to be rethought again for its originality, and the evolutionary schemes once more revised. Still, this much history can always be rescued from existing hunters: the "economic problem" is easily solvable by Paleolithic techniques. But then, it was not until culture neared the height of its material achievements that it erected a shrine to the Unattainable: *Infinite Needs*. . . .

There are two possible courses to affluence. Wants may be "easily, satisfied" either by producing much or desiring little. The familiar conception, the Galbraithian way, makes assumptions peculiarly appropriate to market economies: that man's wants are great, not to say infinite, whereas his means are limited, although improvable: thus, the gap between means and ends can be narrowed by industrial productivity, at least to the point that "urgent goods" become plentiful. But there is also a Zen road to affluence, departing from premises somewhat different from our own: that human material wants are finite and few, and technical means unchanging but on the whole adequate. Adopting the Zen strategy, a people can enjoy an unparalleled material plenty—with a low standard of living.



REVIEWS

THE WOBBLIES

The Wobblies! A Graphic History of the Industrial Workers of the World, Edited by Paul Buhle and Nicole Schulman, Verso, New York, 256pp., \$25

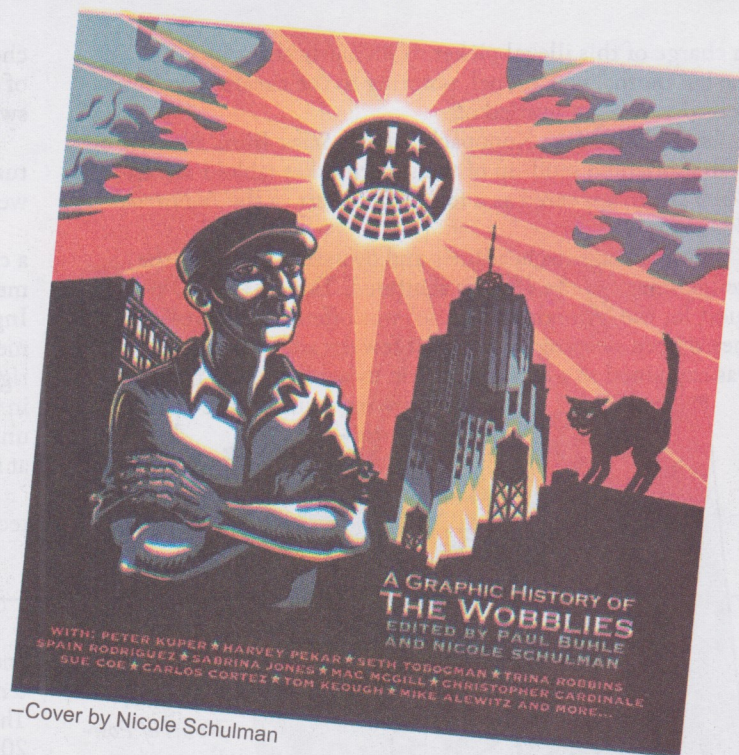
By Jeff Ditz

In the book, *Wobblies! A Graphic History of the Industrial Workers of the World*, acclaimed New Left historian Paul Buhle and Nicole Schulman of *World War 3 Illustrated* have put together a unique, lively, accessible and entertaining history of the most important union in American history. They use the style of a graphic novel and the contributions of many artists to show this complex history from the point of view of the participants.

The history presented feels immediate and personal. Among the best are the story of the founding convention in 1905 and a shipyard wildcat strike in 2001. If you're looking for a 'definitive history' go elsewhere. But this book captures the artistic joy and rebellious spirit well, is a rousing introduction to a turbulent history, and by using the graphic novel approach echoes the pre-pop pop of Joe Hill subverting Salvation Army songs.

The influence of the IWW extends now, as in the past, far beyond its membership. Construction trade workers, due to tradition and power in the workplace, are more inclined than other US workers to shut down a job when it's unsafe or unfair. "We should wobble this job," say construction workers in Detroit and elsewhere when they discuss answering a bad boss or bad conditions with a work slow down or shut down. Many electricians and carpenters may not know where the word "wobbling" comes from but their use of the word reveals its roots in the IWW tradition of direct action.

Construction workers aren't the only ones who use substitutes for "sabotage." The "S" word was informally banned from the pages of IWW publications from the 1920s until 1989 when it burst back forth on the cover of the union's paper, *Industrial Worker*, with an old Ralph Chaplin drawing



—Cover by Nicole Schulman

and an article with a modern analysis. It had been banned because the old-timers, by then deceased, carried strong memories of serving jail time under criminal syndicalism laws. Those who knew the old-timers honored the tradition, those of us who didn't, well, we didn't.

I went to Chicago in 1989 to serve as General Secretary-Treasurer of the organization. While our elders from the 'Sixties spoke nostalgically of SDS breaking up in Chicago and its working class members walking over to the IWW headquarters on Lincoln Ave. to join, of young hitchhikers from both coasts stopping in Chicago to trade news and the best drugs, and of Lionel Bottari, the first baby boomer to be General Secretary being driven from office for smoking pot, those of us in our twenties and thirties were trying to yank the union out of its nostalgia for its glory days.

We knew the ideas made sense. We understood their roots in almost a century of struggle for liberation. We'd worked in enough non-union and business union workplaces to choose a revolutionary one. But nostalgia? No, thanks. The question was how to make the organization, or at least its methods and analysis, relevant to today.

We re-introduced music to the annual convention, raised the issue of radical ecology, confronted homophobia and sexism, looked for humor in struggle, and found ways to organize small shops.

There's always been Wobbly humor. Bottari tells the story of organizing the Three Penny Cinema downstairs from the Chicago Lincoln Street office. The Three Penny was owned by a strident Stalinist, but one who didn't want unionized workers. So, we set up a big picket line that shut down the street and Bottari, in clown costume (as all General Secretaries should be) was there fanning the flames. A cop asked who's

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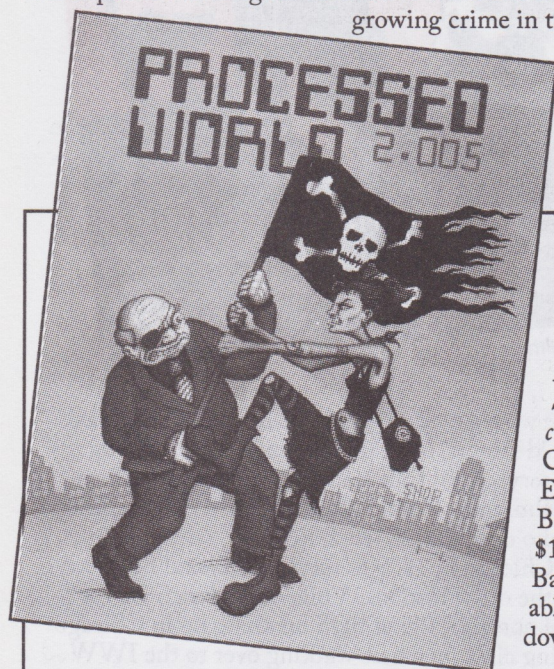
Facing Page: Peter Kuper

in charge of this illegal picket. "Obviously that guy with the bull horn," says Lionel, pointing to the theater owning Stalinist who got hustled off.

In the '90s Mike Konopacki's *Wage Slave World News*, a labor oriented send-up of the supermarket tabloid *Weekly World News*, appeared as a four page insert in the *Industrial Worker*.

With outrageous headlines and oversized pictures, the stodgy image of the *IW* was shattered. The AFL-CIO's quest for the "American Dream" was offered as the reason they'd been sleeping for the past few decades. "Bossicide" was explained as a logical reaction to work and the fastest growing crime in the country.

No
boss, no
union
pork-



After the Deluge: A Novel of Post-Economic San Francisco, Chris Carlsson, Full Enjoyment Books, 2004, \$14 from the Barn or available for free download at

fullenjoymentbooks.com

Processed World, 2005 edition, \$7 from the Barn, or processedworld.com

Processed World After The Deluge

by Anu Bonobo

Even alienated office nerds and overachieving, working class intellectuals need an anti-authoritarian forum. That's how I remember *Processed World* (PW) from my immersion in the anarchist zine scene of the 1980s. Unmistakably Bay Area in its bad attitude and aesthetic orientation, it was as much a staple of the Reagan-era underground and its left coast, printed propaganda as *Homocore* and *Maximum Rock n Roll*.

Against the odds that annihilate many fringe magazines after a few seasons, *Processed World's* most recent (and reportedly last) installment of the new century (and first since 2001) is a tough and polished testimony to the

chopper, no conservative Wobbly was safe from satire. And of course the *Slave* was first to print the news of Billy Bragg swallowing Joe Hill's ashes.

But while many loved the *Slave*, others hated it, and eventually a union wide referendum was held to see if the editors were allowed to be funny in print. Humor won.

Early in 1989, my co-worker, Ingrid Kock, had me return a call to an energetic woman in Northern California whose membership the previous administration had not accepted. Ingrid feared the rejection was due to her radical environmentalism, but she said we should sign her up. Ingrid was right and soon the late Judi Bari formed a new IWW branch in the Redwoods. Bari began organizing when a mill workers union sold out its members and brought together, tentatively at first, but concretely, timber workers and Earth First'ers.

Judi began political life as a Maoist but learned about direct action and the Wobblies through her involvement in the

endurance of basing one's publishing forays on faith in tenacious temp slaves everywhere slaying the boss within. The eternal humiliations of work not being so different in 2005 as they were in 1985, this glossy salvo is more than welcome salt in the gas tank of permanent greed.

If you are unsure about sacrificing almost eight dollars on a mere 'zine, don't let the lovely format fool you. Hugh D'Andrade's delicious and defiant art is worth the coated cover stock and that's a mere appetizer to the fortifying and ferocious ingredients inside of what the editors' claim is the last PW ever. In keeping with PW's previous reputation, most of the essays deal in some way with economic critiques. But don't confuse this effort with the claptrap likely associated with your local chapter of the Boring-as-fuck Workerist Party.

This effort somehow eludes the dreariness associated with leftism and the pretentiousness affiliated with post-leftism alike. Who said that understanding libertarian socialism had to come in the form of reading some bureaucratic platformist gibberish that makes the day job seem fun? Personal favorites for me include the sobering slam on the sex positive workplace in "Fucked by the Dildo Shop," by Zoe Noe, and Chris Carlsson's in-depth, intelligent, and invigorating frame for the bacchanalia of Burning Man, "A Working Class, Do-It-Yourself World's Fair."

For Carlsson, that annual festival held in the Nevada desert might comprise one of many templates for what he likes to call a "post-economic life," a model for a more-than-temporary autonomous zone. Such an intelligent gift economy of no-nonsense, sensual socialism translates nicely to the realm of fiction, as Carlsson proves with his first novel, *After the Deluge*. The clunky but descriptive subtitle "A Novel of Post-Economic San Francisco" serves to outline the book's agenda—but does little to suggest the vivid vision provided by this provocative and specula-

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1970 postal system wildcat strikes. The EF!-IWW collaboration spread from California to the Midwest and New England and caused schisms in both organizations which effected the character of both.

Several pages in *Wobblies!* address that history. I wish Judi's analysis of the importance of labor/environmental work had been included: "We're not dangerous to the powers that be because we organize to save the forests. We're not dangerous because we organize workers. What makes our work dangerous is organizing both together," she said.

The 1990 Oakland, California bombing of Bari and Darryl Cherney galvanized most of our union to defend them from the accusation they had bombed themselves. Some members opposed such solidarity—the chair of the executive board going so far as to block the board from issuing a statement of their innocence with the claim that the union's reputation demanded waiting for the authorities to say they were innocent.

Wiser members prevailed. The IWW defended the victims and granted a loan to begin the lawsuit against the police agencies that wrongly charged Bari and Cherney, which they eventually won. The board chair, who had a history of appearing and being disruptive at times of organizational energy, eventually was expelled for sabotaging the union's computer. Other conservative wobblies left on their own and the union re-energized and grew through the '90s becoming younger and more action-oriented.

The IWW holy-of-holies, the preamble to the constitution had been changed only once (1908) since it was written in 1905. That nostalgia got tampered with, too. The '08 change booted Daniel DeLeon and the electoralist wing, giving rise to what some call the true, more anarcho-syndicalist, IWW. The 1992 change, sparked at the San Francisco convention in 1991 by Judi Bari and Mark Kaufmann going upstairs and coming back with language changes, brought ecological concerns forward. The '08 preamble said:

"Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system."

The new language changed the last part of that to read: "...organize as a class, take possession of the means of production, abolish the wage system, and live in harmony with the Earth."

The last piece of nostalgia we broke was the tie to Chicago. From its founding in 1905 to 1990, the office and conventions had been in the Windy City. The convention now floats and the office has moved three times since then—San Francisco, Ypsilanti, Michigan and now Philadelphia—allowing new

energy and new people to carry it forward. It moved to the internet, too—www.iww.org—the first union website ever.

Seth Tobocman's piece in *Wobblies!*, "Strike: Lawrence 1912," sums up one of the best Big Bill Haywood stories in four panels. He depicts Haywood's legendary ability to speak to a crowd of immigrant workers in several languages among them with language and gestures so concise that all could understand.

In 1915, Big Bill went to Chicago to stop drinking and be closer to his Toledo, Ohio girlfriend. (He didn't stop drinking, dying drunk in Moscow with a Russian wife he couldn't speak to.) In 1989, I sent a "Dear Fellow General Secretary" letter to Mikhail Gorbachev asking for his party—CPSU—to make good on their decades old promise to reimburse the IWW for Haywood's bail money he skipped out on following his 1918 conviction. Gorbach didn't respond even though I offered to take the refund in rubles.

Does it matter if the IWW goes on as an institution? I don't know. I do know it matters that the ideas and actions of the IWW go on. And they will. The authoritarian left is dead while the anti-authoritarian left grows.

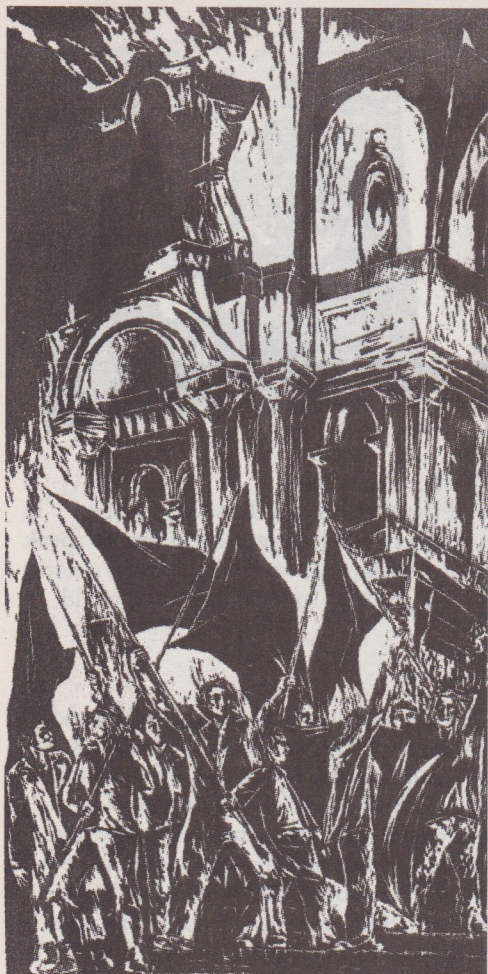
Wobbly or wobbly. IWW dues payer or IWW in their heart this most important of US unions is not just nostalgia, but may be a piece of what it will take to end the American empire and make the world safe for life.

Jeff Ditz joined the IWW in 1984 and served as its General Secretary in 1989-90.

"Such a perfect democracy constructs its own inconceivable foe, terrorism. Its wish is to be judged by its enemies rather than by its results. The story of terrorism is written by the state and it is therefore highly instructive. The spectators must certainly never know everything about terrorism, but they must always know enough to convince them that, compared with terrorism, everything else must be acceptable, or in any case more rational and democratic."

—Guy Debord, *Comments on the Society of the Spectacle*





—Iris Pasic

Antonio Téllez Solà January 18, 1921 - March 27, 2005

By Stuart Christie

Antonio Téllez Solà died at his home in France at 84. He was one of the last survivors of the Spanish anarchist resistance which fought to overthrow the Franco dictatorship in Spain following the fascist triumph in 1939. He was also one of the first historians of the post-civil war urban and rural guerrilla resistance to the regime. In his actions and his writings, Téllez personified refusal to surrender to tyranny.

The son of a railway worker born in Tarragona, Spain, he was radicalised by the 1934 insurrection in Asturias, which failed when the unions outside the mining region withheld support. On 19 July 1936, when the workers, this time united, held at bay the rebellion of most of the Spanish officer class against the infant left-wing Republic, Téllez joined the anarchist youth organisation, the *Juventudes Libertarias*, immersing himself in the struggle to fight fascism and preserve the social revolution with which the union rank and file had answered the generals' attempted coup.

Téllez entered the army at 18 during the final stages of

Antonio Téllez Solà: anarchist, guerrilla, historian

Solà preserved the memory of the struggle against Fascist Spain

the Republic's collapse, and saw action on various fronts until February 1939, when, with thousands of other anti-Francoist refugees, he was forced into exile in France. There, he spent a year and a half at two of many locations in which the French government interned the people who had fought fascism for almost three years. Escaping at the end of 1940, he joined a band of Spanish guerrillas operating in France, resisting the Nazi occupation until Liberation in 1944.

In the fall of that year, Téllez took part in an ill-advised 10-day invasion of Francoist Spain by approximately 6,000 Spanish Communist Party-led republican guerrillas, one of the first operations mounted against the Franco regime. With their defeat at the battle of Salardú, Téllez moved to Toulouse, France, where he set up clandestine arms dumps for the guerrilla campaign.

For two years Téllez carried out clandestine liaison missions between the anarchist movement in France and fascist Spain. Resigning from organisational activity in April 1946, he traveled undercover in Spain for three months establishing contacts with guerrillas and what remained of the illegal anarchist movement. Unable to generate financial or organisational support for the Resistance due to the hostility of the exiled anarcho-syndicalist union, the National Confederation of Labour (CNT) to armed struggle, and frustrated by the tensions and self-serving politicking, he moved to Paris where he worked as a reporter for Agence France Presse from 1960 until his retirement in 1986.

In Paris Téllez continued to contribute to the anarchist press, but from 1954 onwards it was clear that his life's work

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REVIEWS

Film: The Lynching of Wobbly Frank Little

An Injury to One (2002). Written and directed by Travis Wilkerson

by Don Lacoss

Tensions in Butte, Montana between the Anaconda Copper Company, unions, and workers had been becoming more serious for about a decade when 164 men perished in the grisly Speculator Mine fire of June 1917.

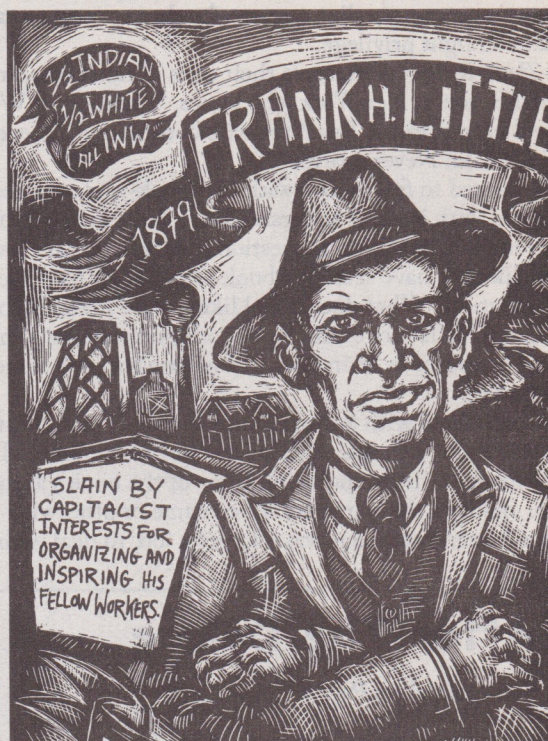
When it became clear that the disaster was due to Anaconda's contempt for safety regulations, 14,000 strikers took to the streets. However, the US had just entered the First World War and copper was a vital part of munitions production, so labor disputes in Butte were construed as a threat to national security. Newspapers owned by the bosses denounced the strikers as "pro-German" terrorists, and Federal troops soon arrived to quash unrest by putting Butte under martial law and forcing the miners back to work.

It was within this context that IWW agitator Frank Little was tortured and murdered by unidentified assailants. At around 3 o'clock in the morning on August 1, 1917, masked gunman dragged Little from his bed in a workers' boarding-house into the street where he was savagely beaten, tied him to the back of the car, and dragged to the outskirts of town where he was lynched from a railroad trestle. A handwritten note pinned to Little's corpse threatened more vigilante killings of rebel workers.

Little's previous activities as a Wobbly organizer included the Mesabi Iron Range mine strike in Minnesota and the free speech campaigns throughout the western US. For example, in 1909, he had been sentenced to 30 days of hard labor for reading the Declaration of Independence at a free-speech soapbox rally in Spokane, Washington. His agitation work had become so well known to the bosses that arrest warrants issued during the anti-radical dragnets of the era often included his name although he had been dead for some time.

Travis Wilkerson's documentary *An Injury to One* centers on the killing of Frank Little, but it also extends some parts of that story in order to connect it to present-day Butte. By using innovative film techniques like split screen, masking, color saturation, jarring jump cuts, and other highly-formalized film effects, Wilkerson's history of the events of the summer of 1917 are put together with the long-lasting effects of the industrial excesses and the murderous impunity of the Anaconda copper barons.

Wilkerson uses these unusual documentary film-making methods to fill in missing details (police and coroner reports of the episode, as well as the Pinkerton Detective Agency's surveillance files on Little, have all mysteriously disappeared)



—Nicole Schulman

and to draw a line of continuity from the Speculator Mine fire to the toxic living conditions, bleak environmental devastation, and bitter economic ruin that haunts Butte today.

As a result, Wilkerson's documentary shows how the wonderfully simple Wobbly dictum of solidarity—"an injury to one is an injury to all"—was also the IWW's prescient and urgent call for workers everywhere to recognize the sinister ecology of capitalist violence and industrialized mutilation going on all around them.

Stop Assimilating; Start Revolting

That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation, Edited by Mattilda, (AKA Matt Bernstein Sycamore), Soft Skull Press, Brooklyn, 2004, 318 pages, \$16.95.

by Maxzine

With a new collection of essays compiled in *That's Revolting!*, radical queer activist Mattilda puts the fun and glamour into radical queer resistance. It starts with a cover featuring a close-up of a mouth covered in lipstick and glitter and encourages the reader to "pick it up and smash something."

In particular, the authors invite us to join in the queer struggle "to transform gender, revolutionize sexuality, build community/family outside of traditional models, and dismantle hierarchies of race, class, gender, sexuality, and ability".

The book explores the ways in which consumerism, mili-

tarism and family values combine to create a stifling mainstream of gays and lesbians who, in their quest for power and acceptance, marginalize queers who do not want or cannot attain straight privilege.

That's Revolting presents their tales of resistance, from Dean Spade in New York who wrote, "Fighting to Win" to Carol Queen in the Bay Area who contributed, "Never a Bridesmaid, Never a Bride".

I wanted to fall in love with this book—and at times I laughed with joy and understanding, but I kept getting distracted by not having questions addressed that I would have liked to have seen in a book like this: What exactly is assimilation? What does it feel like to face pressure to assimilate? What are examples of communities which have faced pressures to assimilate and what have been some of their responses?

I have lived with and surrounded myself with mostly radical queers for a couple of decades and I have observed how many of them, including some of the book's authors, have changed their appearance or name or otherwise assimilate in numerous ways: to get a job, to deal with

our families, or to simply not get harassed walking down the street. By acknowledging and discussing how we as queers cope with such pressures we might better understand how more "mainstream" queers are struggling with conflicts between queer desire and personal security. How can we help others feel safer to revolt?

The vast majority of the authors are writing from the relatively unique scenes of New York and the San Francisco Bay Area. These communities have long been magnets for radical queers, and it is fabulous to have places to experience a buffet of radical alternatives.

Nonetheless, sometimes such communities of resistance create their own conformist worlds. Jesse Heiwa (a co-founder of Queers for Racial and Economic Justice) addressed this in "Getting to the Root": "An opposition to a mainstream, commercialized gay community does not automatically result in a radical current not replicating some oppressive patterns".

Heiwa's piece, coming near the end of *That's Revolting*, opens the door to a more critical examination that would have been a better starting point to further the movement of queer revolt.

After The Deluge

Continued from Page 44

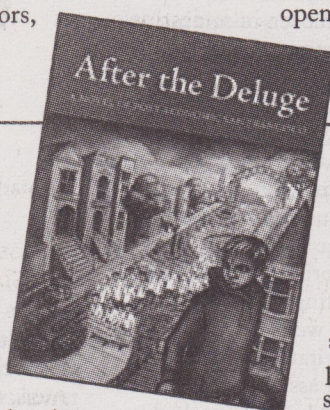
tive journey to the Bay Area of 2157.

In the tradition of other Northern California critical utopias like Ernest Callenbach's *Ecotopia* and Starhawk's *Fifth Sacred Thing*, *After the Deluge* is more imaginary treasure map than utopia-by-the-numbers blueprint. In fact, taken together, Starhawk, Callenbach, and Carlsson form a sort of trilogy, with all three books possessing overlapping flaws and flourishes. As a person well-versed in his surroundings and invested in the book's sense of place, Carlsson weaves a narrative where setting is a character. Since many of his readers do or have lived in the Bay Area, they will recognize the real yet imagined places Carlsson describes even as they have changed over time.

Carlsson's intricate and enertaining tale generates conflict and creative tension between two parallel protagonists who might represent the author's archetypal and battling alter-egos. One is an earnest Midwesterner discovering San Francisco with eager enthusiasm and the other is a young, jaded Bay Area native living as a nihilistic pyrotechnic saboteur.

Both represent rhetorical poles in an abundant society where all work is voluntary and everything is free. And, with readable and moving drama, these characters pose some complicated dilemmas for the critical reader visiting Carlsson's future. While not an explicitly anarchist utopia, the new world depicted here constructs some bizarre similarities to the civilization it left behind.

No luddite, Carlsson shares with Callenbach and his cheesy cult classic a penchant for fanciful eco-technology and soft-core heterosexual fantasy. In a book overpopulated by strong women, many of them lesbians, the main



characters are sensitive straight guys who get plenty of hot alternaporn action, including attending at least two over-the-top orgies that make the steamy stroke scenes in *Ecotopia* seem prude, tame, and outdated by comparison. But I hope Carlsson's well-crafted erotic elements do not offend feminists

like Callenbach's did. In the San "Fransexual" counterculture where this book was born, Carlsson's eroticism might even be seen as "vanilla" compared to what the hard-core sex scenesters can churn out in terms of fiction.

As a contemporary of Starhawk, Carlsson draws from many shared activist experiences and collective memories. But his book might show much more in common with *Fifth Sacred Thing* if Carlsson weren't so precisely and persistently allergic to the kind of earth religion Starhawk promotes. *After the Deluge* is a *Fifth Sacred Thing* for atheists and agnostics and activists who don't need the goddess to get their revolutionary groove on.

Putting post-economic values into practice, Carlsson has made *After the Deluge* available for free on the web (although he announces at the site that over 10,000 people have downloaded the book, I would say the print edition with another amazing Hugh D'Andrade cover is well worth the \$14 price of admission).

With battles over the legitimacy of science and whether revolutionaries should support experimental research providing one of the novel's many subtexts, this story reminds me of one more of my favorite utopias, Ursula LeGuin's *The Dispossessed*. As amazing as post-economic San Francisco seems, some readers may not want to move to Carlsson's new world full time. But it's definitely worth reading about—and at least visiting

Antonio Téllez Solà

Continued from Page 46

was to write the histories of the legendary names of the anarcho-syndicalist action groups including Francisco Sabaté Llopart, José Luis Facerías, and others.

I met Téllez for the first time in Paris in 1973. While I was on remand in Brixton prison, he had sent me a copy of his newly-published biography of the anti-Franco guerrilla, Sabaté, which I translated from Spanish into English. After my acquittal for armed actions, I visited him to discuss the book, which he was constantly updating and revising, as he did with all his work. We became firm friends.

His archives were enormous and his apartment overlooking the Père Lachaise cemetery was stacked from floor to ceiling with boxes of files, documents and photo albums. His accomplishments in a particularly difficult area of study were quite remarkable given that his subject matter was clandestine groups and secretive and highly individualistic militants who were activists rather than theorists.

I witnessed a good example of this in Paris when I introduced Téllez to Octavio Alberola, the coordinator of *Defensa Interior*, the clandestine anarchist group responsible for organising assassination attempts on Franco between 1962 and 1966. The two men had never met and Alberola was taken aback when from on top of his wardrobe, Téllez produced the original plans for the proposed 1963 assassination attempt on Franco in Madrid. We never did discover where he acquired them.

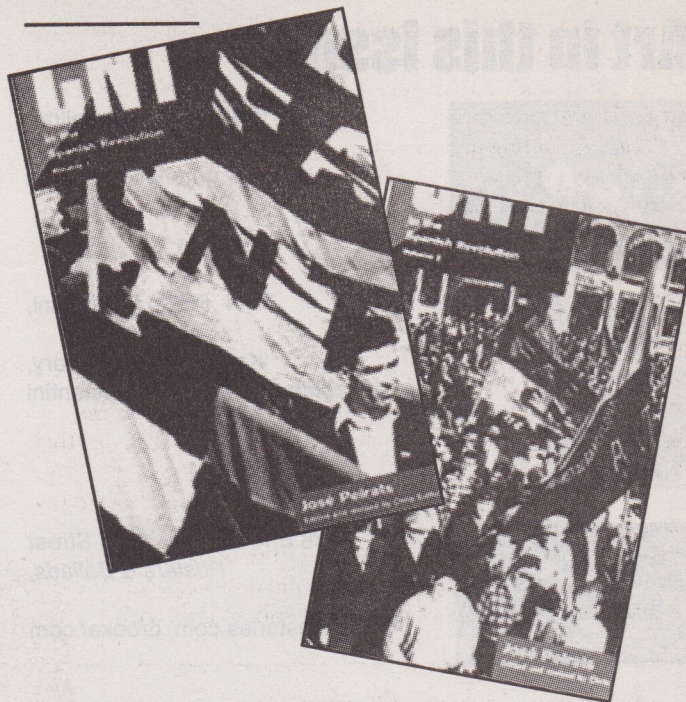
Téllez's published and unpublished output was phenomenal, covering the period from Franco's victory on 1 April 1939 to his death on 20 November 1975, and beyond. He had two main objectives: to record the lives of selfless men who would not compromise their ideals nor cooperate with a system they found villainous and vile, men who devoted their adult lives to freeing Spain from the last of the Axis dictators. His work has been a major contribution to the movement for the recovery of historical memory which is now playing such an important part in contemporary Spanish politics.

Téllez's other objective was to demonstrate that the individual is never helpless; there is always the possibility of rebelling and defending an idea one considers just, even in the most unfavourable and adverse conditions.

Téllez is survived by his partner, Harmonía, and a son.

Published work:

- 1) *Sabaté: the urban guerrilla in Spain (1945-1960)*.
- 2) *Facerías: urban guerrilla (1939-1957)*. The anti-francoist struggle of the Spanish libertarian movement in Spain and exile.
- 3) *The MIL and Puig Antich*.
- 4) *The Unsung Struggle — The Plot to Assassinate Franco from the Air — 1948*.
- 5) *The Anarchist Pimpernel — Francisco Ponzán Vidal (1936-1944)*. The anarchists in the Spanish Civil War and the escape and evasion networks in World War II.
- 6) *Apuntes sobre Antonio García Lamolla y otras andares. Recuerdo* (with José Peirats).



Newly released as we go to press:

Jose Peirats', indispensable three-volume, *The CNT in the Spanish Revolution*. Professor Paul Preston says the books are "a landmark in the history of the Spanish Civil War. Without it, the role of anarchism in that conflict could never be reconstructed." The third volume will be out by February. Available from AK Press at akpress.org; soon from The Barn. The Spring 2006 FE will feature the Spanish Revolution.

Big Rock Candy Mountain

presentation of
a corporate-sanctioned utopia of its own.
Continued from Page 31

But let's not leave the last word to a fast-food manufacturer. After all, at the end of the day, the rebellious nose-thumb-ing of "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" will continue to be too unruly to tame.

Instead, I'd rather think about a story that a friend told me about hearing the song performed live about a year ago at Detroit's annual Dally in the Alley street fair by the Demolition Doll Rods, a favorite local blues-infected garage-punk band. Gussied up in gritty, ambisexual sleaze-wear, the trio ripped and howled through their own down-'n'-dirty reading of "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" (from their 2004 release *On*), apparently to the shared boogie-woogie delight of old, faded hippies and young pierced post-punks.

According to my friend, that night, the Doll Rods invoked the hobo utopia with a carnival home brew of power, fun, sloppy soul, and liberating hedonism that nailed the essence of the song.

Art in this issue



P. 5 Stephen Goodfellow,

www.goodfellowweb.com



P. 14 Flavio Costantini,

Kate Sharpley Library,
katesharpleylibrary.net/costantini



P. 28 Eric Drooker, from *Street Posters & Ballads*,

sevenstories.com, drooker.com

Sid Brown IWW mini-memoir

Continued from Page 40

bers as well as stature due to the sit down strikes where workers seized factories instead of only picketing outside while scabs were brought in to take their jobs. When those hopeful union men and women were taking over the factories, they were singing those good old IWW-inspired songs claiming their power to change the lives of the American working class for the better. These radical actions of the 1930s informed and inspired the Southern student activists in the 1950s, when they sat in at segregated lunch counters.

Worldwide millions of people understand that “the working class and the employing class have nothing in common” as the 1905 Preamble to the IWW proclaimed. If we listen closely, we can hear the songs of the Wobblies cheering us on, while jeering at the bosses.

If rebellion, individual or collective, is a rejection of an oppressive system, then amping up refusal and moving towards revolution is a wholeheartedly constructive endeavor. I envision revolution as “art with heart,” a co-creative dynamic, an empowered, imaginative, and empirical rising that struggles against the writhing tide of lockstep dogmatism and its concomitant obeisance unto Leaders.

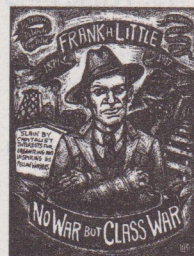
“One World Indivisible” and “One Big Union Indivisible” work for me. When the workers of the world unite—and they will—it will birth not only peace with justice for all working people, but it will save the planet from the profiteers, plunderers and polluters, and their media prostitutes.

Sid Brown studied classical Indian music with Ali Akbar Khan and performed “ethno-eclectic” music with Good Gaia’s. His music can be heard at: goodgaia.com. The “retroll” Spike-Drivers compilation can be heard and ordered at: cdbaby.com/cd/spikedrivers.



P. 42 Peter Kuper,

peterkuper.com



P. 43 & 47 Nicole Schulman,

nicoleschulman.com

It was Red Scare; Now it's Green Scare

Continued from Page 35

Under this rubric of ecoterrorism, local law enforcement can turn to help from FBI, the US Secret Service, US Marshals Service, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the US Department of Immigration and Naturalization, and the US Coast Guard to persecute persons responsible for freeing lab mice, breaking the shop windows of a fur-coat store, or vandalizing Cadillac Escalades and Ford Excursions in a car dealer's sales lot.

If what has happened this summer is any indication, then the means for the dogged pursuit of “un-American” environmental militants who attack property will likely be extended to other social change groups in the US such as Food Not Bombs (after all, what could be a more egregious affront to the cult of private property than giving free vegetarian meals to the poor and hungry?) and Anarchist Black Cross prisoners' rights groups.

According to a State Trooper investigator with whom I spoke in early June, the FBI Joint Terrorism Task Force is now going after a number of FNB and ABC cells, and it may prosecute under the USA-PATRIOT Act and the statutes of the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act of 1970, a set of anti-organized crime laws that gives a great deal of power to police with some very open-ended definitions of “fraud” and “extortion.”

As Preston argues in *Aliens and Dissenters*, the Immigration, Deportation, Espionage and Sedition Acts of eighty years ago swept up large numbers of people and ruined their lives in order to protect the sanctity of private property from radicals like the Wobblies. Corporations and the Federal government were the beneficiaries of these mass arrests and the accompanying atmosphere of repression. These newfangled “ecoterrorism” laws, the USA-PATRIOT Act, and its subsequent legislative offspring will serve the same masters for the same purposes.

The IWW's Singing Labor Movement

Continued from Page 28

in Spokane, Washington, they found themselves drowned out by particularly pious brass bands led by Salvation Army or Volunteers of America missionaries. Not to be outdone by the cacophony, the Spokane local soon had its own powerhouse Industrial Workers Band.

Blaring on cornets and trombones, marching to the thunderous pulse of drums and tambourines, the Wobbly band devastated all whom they crossed. The band, clad in back overalls and red work-shirts, left no corner safe for the street evangelicals. Its leader was baritone horn player, Harry "Mac" McClintock, already famed in labor circles for his compositions, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" and "The Big Rock Candy Mountain."

Joe Hill (born Joel Hagglund) was the IWW's most famous musician-activist. A well-traveled seaman, Hill immigrated to the U.S. from Sweden and soon became committed to the struggle for workers' rights. After joining the IWW, he began organizing maritime workers, miners and others; at some point it seemed natural to bring his music into the movement. Hill could play almost any instrument, but is most often remembered playing piano in taverns or missions, and either guitar or accordion on picket lines.

Hill specialized in writing parodies with sharp literary teeth. Many were directly connected to specific organizing campaigns he was engaged in, such as, "Casey Jones, the Union Scab," composed during the bitter 1910 strike against the Southern Pacific Railroad. Others had a more general scope, such as his most famous song, "The Preacher and the



Wobbly Songwriter and organizer, Joe Hill, murdered by the state of Utah in 1915

Slave." In a parody of the hymn, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," Hill directed his ire at the Salvation Army preachers more concerned with the afterlife than the present one. Other Hill pieces include, "The Rebel Girl," an early homage to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and his anthemic, "Workers of the World, Awaken."

The story of Joe Hill is most remembered as one of martyrdom. He survived red-baiting, police assaults and vicious Pinkerton detectives, and lived to tell of dockyard fights, barroom brawls and back-room precinct house intimidation. But he wasn't able to survive the Utah court which found him guilty of a frame-up murder and sentenced him to death in 1915. While imprisoned, Hill wrote prolifically and toward the end offered what was arguably his most famous prose. Today it is recalled as simply, "Don't mourn—organize."

The year in which IWW Fellow Workers lost their Wobbly bard, they gained a true anthem, "Solidarity Forever," composed by poet, journalist, cartoonist and songwriter, Ralph Chaplin, as he took part in a West Virginia miners' strike. It was first published in the original IWW organ, *Solidarity*, several months prior to Hill's execution, so it was surely informed by his condemned comrade's plight. Chaplin, a Wobbly since 1913, explained that he wanted his song to be, "full of revolutionary fervor and with a chorus that was ringing and defiant."

Its lyrics are a panoply of fiery radicalism and an unflinching denunciation of the boss' greed. More so, it proclaimed the workers' collective power as invincible: "*In our hands is placed a power greater than their hordes of gold*," began one of its most moving verses.

Fortifying the power of "Solidarity Forever" is the revolutionary melody Chaplin used. The tune is "John Brown's Body," the threnody written to honor the abolitionist executed for his 1859 Harpers Ferry raid meant to encourage a slave insurrection. During the Civil War that followed, both sides of the conflict sang the song as they marched into battle—Northerners in admiration of Brown; Southerners in celebration of his death.

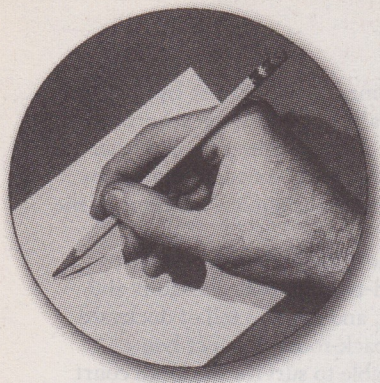
Ironically, following the addition of new lyrics by Julia Ward Howe in 1862, the famous melody was transformed into "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," becoming an anthem of the government that had executed Brown. By 1915, when few remembered Brown's great sacrifice, Chaplin simply borrowed this melody for yet another revolutionary cause.

The centrality of music's role in the Wobbly ranks was well explained in a 1918 article by writer John Reed, a strong IWW proponent. "This is the only American working class movement which sings. Tremble, then, at the IWW, for a singing movement is not to be beaten. . ."

Unfortunately, Reed's prediction proved incorrect as the IWW was subjected to relentless suppression by the U.S. government, corporate goons, and local vigilantes.

Still, the songs remain as does the spirit they embody. Maybe this time, Reed will be right.

John Pietaro is a labor organizer, musician and writer from New York state's Hudson Valley. His IWW centenary CD, "I Dreamed I Heard Joe Hill Last Night: A Century of IWW Song," is available from the IWW through its web site, iww.org.



continued from page 2

Bush stole the second election in a row; this time by vote rigging and voter intimidation in Ohio. Even if one was to accept the election returns as officially tabulated, Bush managed to get only 50.8 percent of the vote; not exactly a reason to move North. Also, in both election years, if liberals had any spine, they would have called millions into the streets to protest the electoral theft.

Real secession isn't about formally leaving a nation state, but rather of creating revolutionary communities of resistance, such as the Zapatistas have done, which control areas where we reside and work; in other words, dual power. The northern California/Vermont pipe dream involves a few thousand middle-class, white people; we need the whole population, much of it in gritty urban areas, to take up the idea of revolution to make secession real.

Resist Temptation

In the Winter 2004-2005 issue of your publication, I read an article by David Watson which justifiably criticized the ideology of progress. People in the United States seem to generally love the supposed economic benefits of modernity. During the nine years when I had a seasonal job at a cannery, many of my co-workers walked, rode bicycles, or took the bus, but more owned automobiles, which they would have been loathe to give up.

Despite people's unhappiness, they would not wish to return to the pre-modern village, where the inhabitants might have known the neighbors all their lives. They probably would never think they could ever be in a situation in which they would be free from the dictates of governments, bosses or customers.

One problem is that U.S. society has created for itself some basic benchmarks which people feel they must stay above to avoid total degradation. An automobile has become close to a basic human right in the U.S., and being forced to walk is almost beneath the level of dignity to which all are entitled. The trouble is that the typical U.S. lifestyle is unsustainable, even without global warming, and the whole world could never reach it. People in the U.S. would find a lack of indoor plumbing repugnant, not because of the inconvenience, but because of the lower status.

Needless to say, U.S. society needs radical change. But we can all start now by trying to treat everyone with respect, regardless of ethnicity, social class or gender. When people treat others as if they are unworthy, the victims can seek a situation in which they can be the ones with unearned privilege. We need to resist the temptation to insult people on whatever pretext might be available.

Milton Takei
Eugene, Oregon

Not An "Inmate"

I was amused by your listing of the Armed Services in the "prisoner of the state" category on your subscription renewal form. However, I was not amused by your use of the derogatory term "inmate." I'm sure this was an honest mistake on your part and you didn't know that calling a person in prison an "inmate" is an insult.

The only thing worse to be called is a rat or a snitch, and all rats and snitches are inmates. The ramification being that you are merely there, such as an inmate at a psychiatric facility. We prefer to be called what we are—prisoners and/or convicts. In the future, please bear this in mind.

Oh yeah, and please continue my free "prisoner of the state" subscription. Thank you for the revolutionary support and solidarity that you've shown us inside here since the dawn of the FE.

Rand W. Gould
Mound Correctional Facility
Detroit

FE: We've changed the word on our renewal forms

Strong Non-Violence

Thanks for your light and passion in criticizing the arrogance and war-mongering that can only foment more anger

and hostility! Sixty translated articles on anti-militarism and 90 articles on economic ethics are available on my website www.mbttranslations.com.

May we finally put the horse before the cart and mend our own pockets before falling to the myths of military Keynesianism and corporate beneficence!

Nonviolence is stronger than violence as the open hand is stronger than the clenched fist! May we reclaim life from the power elite! The future must be anticipated and protected in the present, not extrapolated from the estranged manipulated present!

Hoping for peace with justice,
Marc Batko

Guns Again?

In your 40th anniversary edition, you say the paper had gotten beyond its 1960s fetishizing of guns and calls for "armed struggle," so I was rather surprised to see the issue raise its head quite recently in your article, "Land and Liberty," by Seaweed (See FE Winter 2005).

The standard issue primitivism of the article's message appeals to me in many ways, and I, like many readers of this publication wonder what a revolution would really look like; how much of the old industrial, citified world will we bring into the new one? Still, a call for "the creation of an organically self-organized subsistence movement that is aimed at asserting access to land" doesn't seem particularly feasible for too many people when we're talking about an increasingly urbanizing trend across the world.

See Mike Davis' "Planet of Slums" essay in the March-April 2004 *New Left Review* for a frightening and much more likely scenario. Besides, can tens of millions move to the countryside? Doubtful.

But what was the most troubling about Seaweed's article was his/her call for armed self-defense particularly given your just stated refusal of such foolish dick waving.

E.B. Maple
Detroit

A Flowing Form

I have just recently come across your paper after having spent 15 years living less than two hours away! This is indeed ironic. Unfortunately, it took me moving across the country to discover you. I occasionally came across the name, but never had the fortune of holding a copy until last year.

Needless to say, I am quite excited about the few copies I have procured. You appear

to me as (and forgive me if I offend, but this is meant with the utmost respect) a more flowing form of green anarchy only less angry (to use an over-used word) and more celebratory, and it is perhaps this celebration that draws me to your work. Dancing, poetry, love, etc: these are the spontaneous expressions of freedom we all desire and are fighting for.

Thank you, thank you for the article on Ross Winn (see "Digging Up A Tennessee Anarchist," FE Summer 2004)! I have always found historical information on rural, under-appreciated, and lesser-known anarchists most fascinating. I plan on sending a donation and possibly putting on a fund raiser out here to show my gratitude in regards to FE and the Firebrand community center. There is a possibility that I will be back home for a few weeks, end of December. If it's an option, I'd like to pop around and visit the Hollow, Firebrand, and pick up a few items at the barn bookstore. After all, it is the time of year to consume!

I am working on a 'zine for parents and a co-author threw in a letter to the editor—sorry if you have to type it up. The Fall 2004 Unschooling issue was amazing—long overdue.

Strange that a few years ago, I was alone in Nashville, dropping off Green Anarchy magazines and personal 'zines at record stores and bookshops, throwing up stickers and flyers, thinking "what the hell am I doing? No one's gonna appreciate this here." Lo and behold, in a short time later there's a Food Not Bombs, *Fifth Estate*, an *Indy Media*, and a community center opening. Lovely.

Please send my love to the beautiful hills and hollers of Tennessee. We do occasionally miss the South.

In the spirit of Ross Winn and Southern anarchy,
Roman Shapla
Yoncalla, Oregon

Welcome Surprise

Your Fall 2004 issue, Unschooling the World, was a welcome surprise on a much-needed topic: children. Too often they are overlooked in theory and praxis, which is unfortunate as they are the ones who stand to inherit this planet.

I was especially excited to see the Radical Books for Kids list, and although I'm aware you can't include everything due to space limitations, I do feel that there are three books that deserve special attention:

Anarchist Farm by Jane Doe—picking up where Orwell left off, only with an anti-

authoritarian message.

Breaking Free: The Adventures of Tintin. Tintin works to kick-off the revolution, and though it's a workers' perspective, it is still a great book. [FE note: This is a pirate Tintin published in England during the 1980s, and goes way beyond the exploits of the traditional children's favorite.]

The Salamander Room by Anne Mazer. When a young child begins to prepare his room for his pet salamander, he soon realizes that everything unnatural must go. A beautiful book recommended to me by Derrick Jensen.

Finally, I am looking for contributions for *Go Light: A Journal on Primal Parenting for the Wild Child*. We hope to include articles/ stories/poems on teaching children permaculture, primitive skills for kids, personal accounts, etc. For information, contact primalparent@hotmail.com.

Charlene Strawn

Kosovo Help

In Kosovo we are quite isolated; we have no Internet access. We started an independent

free reference library, but do not know how to attract the attention of potential donors from abroad.

Part of the problem is that in Kosovo the average monthly salary is \$40, so the RLP is not able to pay for publications. If you can send us any directory, or even your personal list, of independent publishers, please do!

We have sent several dozen letters to various places, but we have not yet received any positive response. We encourage publishers of periodicals, books, and zines to donate copies of their publications. Even second-hand or damaged copies of books are welcome.

Because the Kosovo post is not reliable, please send replies and publications to RLP, c/o PF 44, CH 4142, Munchenstein 3, Switzerland.

In solidarity,
RLP Collective,
Pristina, Kosovo

Letters to the Fifth Estate: Send your comments to P.O. Box 6, Liberty, TN 37095, or fe@fifthestate.org

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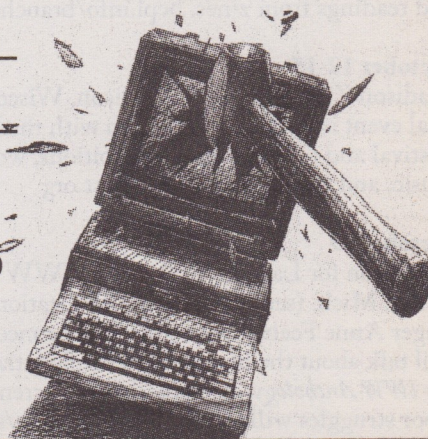
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- FBI report on the *Fifth Estate*



Resistance Calendar

ON GOING EVENTS

Sept. 6-Nov. 26

"Soapboxers and Saboteurs: 100 Years of Wobbly Solidarity." An exhibit highlighting materials from the Labadie Collection, one of the world's best collections of materials documenting early IWW history.. Special Collections Library, 711 Hatcher Library, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109-1205. Open to the public. See October 19 for accompanying reception.

100 Years: The IWW. Celebrating the centennial of the Industrial Workers of the World. Traveling exhibit presented by the Walter P. Reuther Library. Contact William. LeFevre@wayne.edu, 313-577-2789 to reserve exhibit for your organization or event. reuther.wayne.edu/iww100/IWW11.html

SEPTEMBER

September 15 - 17

Conference on radical economics in the 20th Century: radical economics and the labor movement
University of Missouri-Kansas City, Kansas City, Missouri, 2005 <http://iml.umkc.edu/econ/iwwconf>

September 23-25

Renewing the Anarchist Tradition (RAT) conference
Plainfield, VT. Annual conference addressing various intellectual issues of concern to anarchists today.
Sponsored by the Institute for Anarchist Studies;
please register in advance. www.homemadejam.org/renew

OCTOBER

October 12-13

International Conference: Elisée Reclus, natura ed educazione, Università di Milano-Bicocca, Facoltà di Scienze della Formazione, Contact: Stefano Malatesta, cell. 340 9184 726; e-mail: marcella.schmidt@unimib.it

October 13

Opening: New zine collection at the Cockeysville Branch of Baltimore County Public Library, 6:30pm. Food, browsing, and readings from zines. bcpl.info/branches/branch_co.html

October 12-15

Madison Zine Fest 2005, Madison, Wisconsin. Second annual event is held in conjunction with the Wisconsin Book Festival and features films, exhibitions, workshops, readings, music, and more. Madisonzinefest.org

October 19

Reception for Labadie Collection's IWW exhibit, Ann Arbor, Mich. (see "On Going" for location. Featuring labor singer Anne Feeney. Along with the concert, Joyce Kornbluh will talk about the history of her influential book, *Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology*. A discussion of current and past IWW labor struggles will follow. lib.umich.edu/spec-coll or contact jherrada@umich.edu for more information.



From the *Fifth Estate* files: Washington DC anti-draft, anti-war demonstration, March 22, 1980, organized by anarchists. -photo: Craig Glassner/Phantasm Photography

October 22

London Anarchist Book Fair. Held at least once a year since 1983, and still the largest and regular gathering of anarchists in the world, with meetings, workshops, performances, food, and lots of anarchist books.
The Resource Centre
356 Holloway Rd., London N7
<http://freespace.virgin.net/anarchist.bookfair/>

October 20-22

"Labor, Solidarity and Organizations," North American Labor History Conference. The IWW, the 1905 Russian Revolution, and the 60th anniversary of the end of World War II. Wayne State Univ., Detroit. ao1605@wayne.edu

October 20-23

Virginia Anarchist Gathering, Harrisonburg's Rising Up Collective will host the first Virginian Anarchist Gathering, a radical conference and networking opportunity for Virginia-area anarchists and anti-authoritarians. (WV, DC, NC? We don't care about borders; come anyway!) signalfire.org/VAG

October 28-30

New Orleans, LA,
"Humanity and the Earth/L'Homme et la Terre : The Legacy of Elisee Reclus (1830-1905)" at Loyola University.

October 29

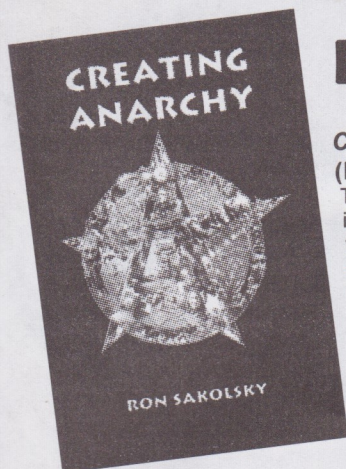
New Orleans Bookfair, Barristers Gallery, 1724 Oretha Castle Haley Blvd. New Orleans. nolabookfair.com

NOVEMBER

November 18-20.

Vigil and direct action to close the School of the Americas, Ft. Benning, Georgia. The SOA has a different name, but it still churns out Latin American troops that go home and repress their own people. Christian pacifists mix with anarcho-punks and lots in between. soaw.org/new/

**Send calendar items for Winter 2005-6 to
fe@fifthestate.org**



BOOKS FROM THE BARN

Complete catalog available from pumpkinhollow.net/thebarn

Creating Anarchy by Ron Sakolsky (Fifth Estate Books 2005) \$15

Twenty chapters in a dynamic collage of ideas and action. This vibrant collection glows with flames of discontent and defiance and flows with waves of laughter and possibility. Ranging widely from Mayday to Utopia, from Refusal to Autonomy, and from Insurrection to Imagination, this compilation is in turn defiant, reflective, and playful—a brick for hurling through the windows of despair and a doorway to creating an anarchy that is not afraid to dream.



Against History; Against Leviathan by Fredy Perlman (Black & Red 1983) \$7

It has now been twenty years since the death of my friend Fredy Perlman, one of the most memorable people I have ever known. My encounter with his wit, his powerful sense of justice, and his fierce intellectual and moral independence had a lasting impact on me.

I don't know what he would be thinking or writing or creating now—he was always evolving—but I often find myself examining my own evolution against my understanding of his manifold intuitions into growth, reason, and what we might call, after Blake, the “contraries” that underlie history's ironies and tragedies, and indeed life itself.

Fredy defied every limitation of definition or ideology. He was an individual in the best sense of the word—unique, striving, and sometimes jagged and stony around his edges, like the sandpaper book cover on a Situationist text that rubs and corrodes every simplistic assumption or single-minded answer in its periphery.

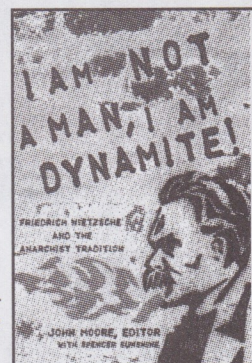
Blake's motto in “Jerusalem” could have been Fredy's: “I must Create a System or be enslav'd by another Man's. I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create.”

I miss all that we have missed in those twenty years.

—David Watson

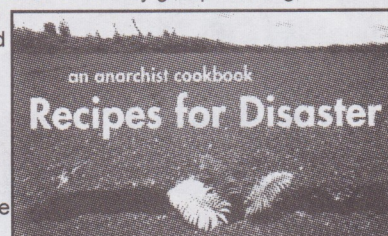
I Am Not A Man, I Am Dynamite! Friedrich Nietzsche and the Anarchist Tradition, edited by John Moore with Spencer Sunshine (Autonomedia 2004) \$15

This anthology covers the historical, political and philosophical linkages between philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche and the anarchist tradition. Nietzsche shared with anarchists the vision of the total transformation of everyday life. Contributors include editor John Moore, Peter Lamborn Wilson, Max Cafard and Allan Antliff (all past *Fifth Estate* contributors), as well as Guy Aldred, Daniel Colson, Andrew Koch, Saul Newman, Jonathan Purkis, Franco Riccio, & Leigh Starcross.



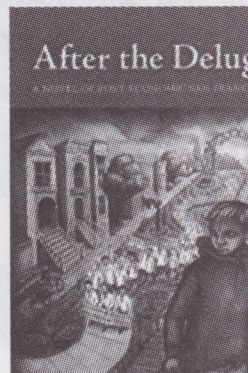
Recipes for Disaster (CrimethInc 2005) \$12

Just in time for your next action or affinity group meeting, the creative collaborators known as CrimethInc. have released their own version of an anarchist cookbook. With over 600 pages of practical anecdotes and tactical testimonials, this weighty manual was printed practically at cost, to make it more readily available to revolutionaries.



After the Deluge: A Novel of Post-Economic San Francisco by Chris Carlsson (Full Enjoyment Books 2004) \$14

Carlsson reveals his vivid future vision in a provocative journey to the Bay Area of 2157. More an imaginary treasure map than utopia-by-the-numbers blueprint. In an abundant society where all work is voluntary and everything is free, Carlsson's characters pose complicated dilemmas in a new world that maintains bizarre similarities to the civilization it left behind. See review, p. 44



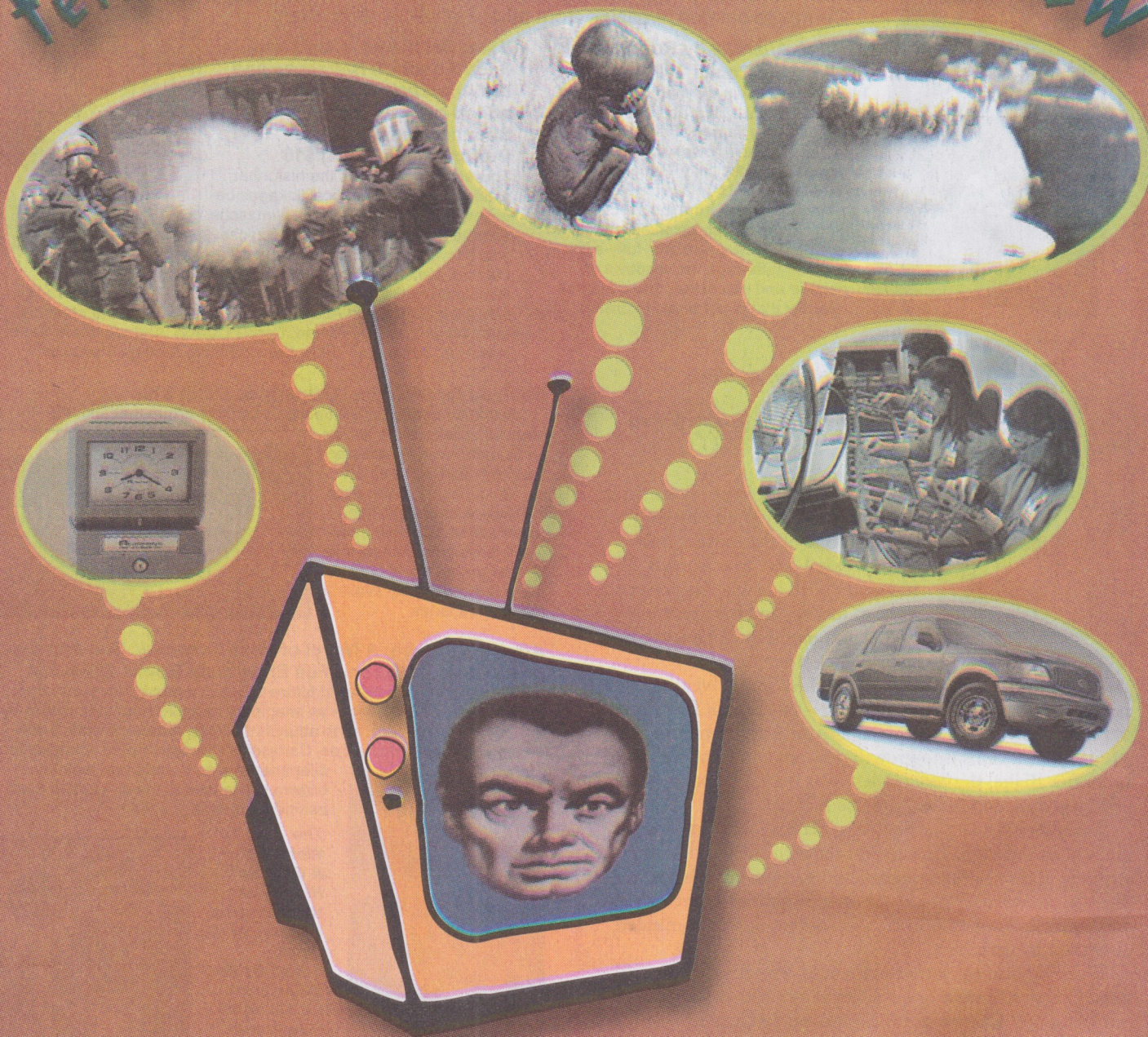
The Wobblies! A Graphic History of the Industrial Workers of the World
Edited by Paul Buhle and Nicole Schulman, Verso, \$25
Review, p. 43



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